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[VISITORS AT POMEROYS.]

THE SECRET OF POMEROYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Shifting Sands," "The Snapt Link," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
The sword and sceptre, paganism and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend,
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

"This general was at home."

Such was the reply given to the party of guests who applied for admission at the Castle, and although they were tolerably aware that Miss Pomeroy's was absent, there was no alternative except to accept the announcement and enter for the intended visit.

"Will she be disturbed, I wonder, in her aquatic amusements?" whispered Zoe to her companion as they followed Lady Lennox and Mr. Leslie into the house.

But Eustace either did not or would not catch the remark, and the young lady, with a somewhat contemptuous smile, preserved a cold silence during the brief interval before the general appeared.

"We need not inquire for Miss Pomeroy's, my dear sir," said Lady Lennox, smilingly. "We caught a distant glimpse of her as we drove along, enjoying herself like a born mermaid on 'your lake.'"

"Ah, she is far too venturesome and wild in her excursions," replied the uncle, apologetically. "But Melanie has so few pleasures and variety in this secluded house that I scarcely like to prohibit her darling fancy."

"Do you suppose it would be of any use if you did, general?" asked Claudia, with a smile. "We women are rather apt to take our own way, especially in such harmless and trivial matters."

"Perhaps that only applies to matrons, Lady Lennox," returned the general, calmly. "I, at least,

am little accustomed to any such rebellion from my niece, nor would I allow it," he continued, with a more determined air.

"What a model wife you are preparing for some lonely individual, general," observed the incorrigible little Lady Lennox.

But at the very moment the words passed her lip Basil entered, and his slight, sarcastic smile gave some key to the state of the family politics to one if not more of the group of guests he encountered.

"Basil, do you know where Melanie is? Will you go and seek her and bring her in?" said his father quickly.

The young man glanced at Zoe Danvers and coolly placed himself near the chair where she sat.

"I have no notion of my cousin's movements, sir. Better send a servant or have the alarm bell rung. That would very soon bring the fugitive back, if within hearing."

The general's brow darkened and his lips parted with perhaps no very amiable rejoinder, when Claudia hastily interposed.

"Do let us go in a body and pay our respects to the fair Naiad," she said, quickly. "And Mr. Pomeroy can remain in peace, if he is really unequal to the exertion," she added, archly.

"I vote he should be exiled from the 'Search Expedition,'" put in Zoe, gaily. "I have no tolerance for such traitorous sullenness."

"Is there no milder name for the offence, Miss Danvers?" whispered the young man, as he and the young girl managed to hang somewhat behind the little procession that quickly formed at the wilful Claudia's suggestion.

"I really cannot discover one," she returned. "Were I in your cousin's place I should expect you to know precisely my whereabouts, and to fly with a winged horse to my rescue."

"I might save myself by suggesting that it is no question of rescue or even of Miss Pomeroy's wish or command that in the question, but simply of my father's fancy," replied Basil. "But it is far more interesting for me to know why you suppose I am

to be thus devoted to my cousin, and what position you suppose her to occupy."

"Am I to speak the truth?" she said, archly, "or is the subject too sacred to be touched upon?"

"Can you doubt that I wish for as frank a reply as I have dared to put the question?" he returned.

"Then I am excused if I repeat parrot-like what I have heard, and considered as an absolute certainty?" she replied, gaily. "It is currently believed that Miss Pomeroy will neither change the name or the letter when she is married," she continued, in a lower tone, while her gaze was turned furtively on him. "Now are you too obtuse or too treacherous to grasp my meaning?"

"If I do take it aright, it is simply to deny it to the very utmost," he exclaimed, eagerly. "I at least have no share in such reports or their origin. Nothing can be farther from my intentions or wish."

He gazed earnestly at the fair, smiling face of his companion as he spoke.

But it would have been a far more acute observer even than an embryo admirer to read the real meaning of the careless glance.

"One would think you were a young lady, Mr. Pomeroy, to judge from your exceeding sensitiveness on such a point," she answered, lightly. "I always believed that gentlemen were such gay and indifferent butterflies on such points that it was a great blessing for them that they were not forced to wear betrothal rings as our helpless sex are bound to do."

"But, see, we are nearing our destination. Your cousin seems to have divined our purpose and is coming towards us," she added, as her quick glance discerned a figure in the distance.

It was indeed Melanie herself who was lightly approaching them, with a bright flush on her fair cheeks, that might either proceed from the exercise she had been taking or from embarrassment at the sudden rencontre. But if the fair, town-bred guests who were thus "storming her very castle" expected to excite any visible embarrassment in her manner they were certainly deceived.

The girl quickened her steps certainly, but without the slightest touch of hurry or flutter in either gesture or look.

And as she at last came within reach and extended her hand to Lady Lennox, with a frank, half-shy, but self-possessed greeting, it was impossible to imagine a more perfect incarnation of bright, unrestrained, graceful girlhood; and if her uncle came to chide he could but remain to admire the sweet "Water Witch."

"How good of you to come so far! I am so sorry to give you such trouble in finding me," said Melanie, after exchanging greetings with the rest of the party.

"I am more sorry that you anticipated our intention," laughed Lady Lennox. "We wanted to catch you in the act, to find your little water domain, and pay homage to the River Queen."

"I will be delighted to share the domain with you, Lady Lennox," returned the girl, gaily. "I do not suppose it is such an exceptional fancy of mine; at least, not for a Scottish lassie," she went on, glancing half-timidly at the spot where Basil and Zoe were standing somewhat apart.

"Oh, we have not half your accomplishments in the helpless south, Miss Pomeroy," said Zoe, lightly. "I should not be surprised if you can skate and swim and fish and all kind of wonderful and courageous things."

Melanie laughed gaily.

"Am I bound to commit myself, or can I not take the privilege of my country's laws and plead not proven?" she said, in her rich, ringing tones.

"Child, do not talk such nonsense. I hate women to touch on what they should not even have heard alluded to," interrupted the general, sharply.

And Zoe Danvers marked a spasm, as it were of pain or anger pass over, and convulse his features as he spoke that seemed to surprise and even daunt the young niece.

Then, in a another moment he recovered himself from the sudden burst of passion, and nothing could be more bland and gentle than the tone in which he next spoke.

"My child, you forget that your new friends have not been brought up in such Undine-like solitude as yourself. No doubt your favourite amusements seem exceedingly strange and masculine in their ideas."

"But, uncle mine, you know we have some sea king blood in our veins. No wonder if I have a wild mermaid taste," she rejoined, gaily. "However, we will not talk of such uninteresting subjects," she continued, with a sudden assumption of a calm, princess air that well suited her sweet maidenhood in its pretty dignity. "Shall we return to the house, Lady Lennox, or would you like to explore the 'wilds' any farther?"

"What do you say, Mr. Neville?" asked the fair Claudia, turning to her companion, who had hitherto kept silent. "You men certainly have formed a deliberate opinion during your deep meditations."

"Perhaps I have," returned the young man, coolly. "Lookers-on are proverbially wise, are they not, general?" he went on, appealing to their host as he waited for the decision.

"Or at any rate gain the reputation of wisdom," observed Evan Leslie, seeing that the general hesitated in his reply.

In fact another of those peculiar contractions of the features that had once before passed over the host's face had altered its whole expression at Eustace Neville's simple remark.

"Have you ever been in this neighbourhood before, Mr. Neville?" was the general's only comment on the observation.

"I? No, never," returned Eustace, in some surprise. "I have not been in England more than a few months, and this is my very first journey northward."

"Exactly—yes, I remember now. Only your voice and accent had a singular resemblance to an old acquaintance of mine," returned the general, "and I suppose I thought it must have been acquired here—a proof of dotage, advancing age," he went on, "to bring everything to one's own standard. Lady Lennox, will you allow me?"

And he offered his arm to Claudia, while Eustace fell somewhat back nearer to Melanie's side.

"Do you believe in qualities and tastes descending in generations, Miss Pomeroy?" he asked, as they fell slightly behind the advance guard of the party.

"I scarcely know. Yes, perhaps I do. Is it not a pleasant fancy?" she asked.

"That depends on the subject to which it relates," he said, gravely. "It might be evil as well as good that it thus transmitted. How would your theory work then?"

"Oh, it is not quite so serious and irrevocable," said Melanie, playfully. "I do not suppose we all

run quite in such an unbroken stream as to condemn some unfortunate brook for taking its rise from troubled, muddy waters."

"Are not the sea kings troublesome enough for ancestors?" he added, laughingly. "They were decidedly the Bohemians of the waters, as true and lawless wanderers as any Zingari gipsies of old or modern days."

Melanie looked somewhat grave and thoughtful.

"Ah, I really have some faith in those strange people," she returned. "I think there is a magic gift that does descend in their race. I should be very sorry to have evil predicted of me by one of their race—would not you, Mr. Neville?"

"Perhaps I have more reason than you can have to agree with you, Miss Pomeroy," he returned, gravely. "I believe some remarkable prophecy was uttered concerning me while I was very comfortably unconscious in my nurse's arms, and as yet some part of it has come true in a very ominous degree. But I daresay we shall be voted actual imbeciles by Miss Danvers and your cousin if they overhear our sage remarks," he went on, as if to change the subject, turning round to the two who were closely following in their wake.

"Pray what are you discussing so earnestly, Mr. Neville?" asked Zoe, quickly. "The winds blow some tantalizing fragments of your exciting conversation towards us. Is it forbidden us to share in the wisdom of the discussion?"

"Oh, it was charmingly absurd, of course, as any rational being would presume," observed Melanie, fancying that Eustace looked somewhat annoyed. "All the fearful mysteries of fortune-telling which every one laughs at and secretly believes—even Basil," she added, archly.

The young man gave her a sharp glance. "Be so kind, Melanie, as to leave my ideas and opinions in peace," he said. "I prefer answering for myself on most occasions, I assure you."

"I do not agree with you, Mr. Pomeroy. It is charming not to be committed by other persons' statements, as one is by mere personal acknowledging of opinions," cried Zoe, gaily. "I never knew for ten minutes together what I do say or mean, so it is very convenient for some one else to stand sponsor for me. But what terrible charge was your cousin about as bringing against you?" she continued, half-depressingly. "I daresay it was far more serious and sensible than any of my giddy fancies."

"Scarcely," he replied, in a far more gentle tone than he had employed in his successful remarks to Melanie. "It only related to the exploded credulity in fortune-telling and gipsy lore, which my cousin tries to fasten upon me in a most unscrupulous fashion."

"Are you sure of that?" came clear and distinctly in the ears of the little group.

So clear and sharp and ringing, indeed, that each seemed to look inquiringly at the other, as if to trace the very movement of the lips of the speaker.

But in vain.

Not a single indication, however faint, could be perceived of any such having been pronounced by any one of the party.

"What on earth was it?"

"Who could it be?"

"What infamous impertinence!" were exclamations pronounced simultaneously by the gentlemen and by Zoe Danvers.

The next moment Eustace and Basil had sprung over the hedge and plunged into the plantations adjoining in search of the offender.

But to no purpose.

Ere Melanie or Zoe Danvers had time to collect their thoughts or exchange one word on the singular occurrence their companions had returned with a grave and disappointed air.

"It is a most extraordinary delusion," said Basil. "I could have been certain some one spoke."

"I am certain I did hear a voice," observed Zoe, calmly. "It is strange you should not have detected the culprit, Mr. Pomeroy. Perhaps you will believe in the magic now?" she added, archly.

"Yes, in one kind of magic, in one fatal spell," he returned, in a lower tone. "Nor shall this insolent buffoonery go unpunished," he went, sternly.

"Are you so severe? I should scarcely have believed it of you," she said, softly. "I supposed you would forgive and endure in the most angelic patience as a model son and heir is bound to do."

He fancied there was a touch of irony in her tone, and his reply was bitter and resentful in manner as well as words.

"Excuse me for differing with you, Miss Danvers, I hold that a man is bound to assert his own dignity to the very death, and any one who laboured under such a delusion where I am concerned may find the truth to their cost."

Eustace Neville's lips curled rather disdainfully as he caught the words.

"Where there is much smoke there is little flame," he said. "We will hope that the proverb will hold good in the present instance, and that there will be no blood-stains to wipe out on this unlucky wight, whether a tenant of the spiritual or material world." The words had scarcely passed his lips ere they were repeated.

General Pomeroy turned with a fierce glance that had too plainly told that he had heard the unguarded speech.

And Melanie hastened to interpose between their guest and the dark mood she knew so well, though so seldom vented on herself.

"Perhaps it is the genius of Hermitage Castle," she said, playfully. "You know there is a most extraordinary echo there, do you not, Lady Lennox?" she went on, striving to bring the young matron into the dialogue, by way of safeguard.

"Often I may say I have heard, but never tested the truth of the tale," replied the lady. "What say you to making up a little party to visit the place, general? It would be something to do in this dull season."

"Would you like it, Melanie?" asked the general of his young niece.

"Yes, if you will go, uncle," she said, coaxingly.

The old man gave a half-sad, half-gratified look at the lovely girl.

"You see," he returned, turning to Lady Lennox, "what it is to be under female government, even when a child like this is in question. She seldom asks, to be refused, I am afraid," he went on, with a playful smile at Melanie.

"You will miss your little tyrant when she leaves you, general," laughed Lady Lennox. "It is pleasant to him submission at times when accustomed to the threshold."

"I do not intend to make the experiment," he returned, shortly. "I trust to retain my niece as a daughter of the Castle as long as I am its master at present," he went on, carefully avoiding Basil's eyes as he spoke. "However, we need not discuss that rising question, now. As for the expedition to Hermitage, I will not put any difficulties in the way. So we may consider the matter settled, except in detail."

"And we must now take leave, after this al fresco collation," observed Lady Lennox, gaily. "Our time is quite gone, good folks; so please to take your seats, as they say on the railway platforms."

The leave-takings were soon over, and the carriages and horses vanished from view.

"Melanie, my dear, I do not wish you to encourage Mr. Neville's attentions to you," said the general, gravely. "It appears to me that he presumes on so slight an acquaintance, and I have not formed a favourable opinion of him. There is an unpleasant association in my mind connected with his face and manner, that I cannot at present explain to myself, but he is decidedly repulsive to my tastes and wishes. You understand and will obey me, my dear child, I am certain."

And without giving her a moment to reply to this decided command, he re-entered the house.

"What extraordinary fancies my father takes," observed Basil. "However, he is about right in this case. I hate that conceited, presuming puppy, that hybrid half-foreigner, half-Englishman; he is insufferable to my ideas. And you do seem to flatter him up, Melanie; I suppose you think he admires you."

The girl did not reply.

Perhaps she dared not trust her voice. But if so, it was certainly not from any distress on her new friend's account that the moisture bedewed her long lashes.

And when she escaped to her own room to take off her boating costume, it was not of Eustace that she mused, nor of his real or fancied qualities that she speculated. The voice still sounded in her ears which had so disturbed their tranquillity. And it was the thought of Basil's fierce threat and boiling indignation at the trifling incident that brought a deep, grave abstraction on the bright young features.

Was the debut of the orphan heiress to be the signal for the commencement of troubles?

"Well, Mr. Neville, did the bells of the castle sustain her reputation?" asked Zoe, carelessly, as they rode quietly home.

"If you mean as to beauty, I had no doubts before. It is easy to decide when charms are real or accidental," he returned, coolly.

"Precisely," she returned, with some pique in her sharp tone. "Only I would advise you not to give your heart irrevocably to the nymph of the river. I rather suspect it would be a very useless expenditure of generosity where either the uncle or the niece are concerned."

"I am not meditating the extravagance," he returned, "but, may I ask why you have formed so decided an opinion, Miss Danvers?"

"Simply because I can read, which you lovers never can," she replied, calmly. "And I could perceive the little game of cross purposes going on in the passage at arms to-day. Miss Pomeroy and her uncle are quite of accord, at any rate, in one respect."

"And pray what is that?" he asked, fitching away some insect from his horse's ear as he spoke.

"In the question of Mr. Basil Pomeroy's destiny," she said, quietly. "No doubt that is fixed so far as their ideas are concerned. The daughter by adoption will become the daughter by blood, if they can accomplish the transformation."

She watched Eustace Neville's face narrowly as she spoke.

And without doubt there was a slight curl on the lips, that betokened, in any case, the subject was not quite indifferent to him.

"It would be rather poetical justice, I should say," he replied at length. "Her father's sad fate would be fully atoned for so far as she was concerned."

"But as Mr. Pomeroy was, I understand, in his nurse's arms at the time of the murder, it is rather hard lines that his hand should be made the price of the catastrophe," remarked the young lady. "But, of course, I may be quite deceived, and he may only veil the intense happiness he feels under a somewhat cantankerous impatience with his fiancée."

"Pray should you endure such a peculiar mode of wooing, Miss Danvers?" asked Eustace, significantly.

"Oh, dear, no!" she answered, laughingly. "My theory is a very different one to the fair Melancton's. But then, in the first place, I am heart whole, and not in the least of a patient Griselda in nature."

"You would lose half your charms if you were," he said, gallantly, as he caught her arch and spirited smile. "But in any case, you are most unlikely to be tested, *ma belle reine*. You are more likely to count slaves than rebels among your subjects."

And as they spoke they drew near to the lodge at the entrance of Heatherbrae, and a brief canter prevented further repartee on the young lady's part.

But neither of the speakers dismissed the subject as quickly as the light tone of the dialogue should have warranted.

CHAPTER X.

It was some two days after the visit of the Heatherbrae party, when Basil Pomeroy took his way at an unusually early hour towards Rosemount Wood.

The gray light of a November morning was only just sufficiently decided to enable him to find his path without chance of mistake or accident; and he was tolerably safe from observation from that circumstance, as there had been a kind of superstitious horror against visiting the wood by dusky light ever since the murder of the unfortunate owner of the Castle, and in many minds a decided repugnance to its precincts even in the safety of the broadest and most encouraging sunshine.

And Basil Pomeroy calmly pursued his course in entire immunity of any interruptions from without or serious alarm from within till he reached the precincts of the thick wood.

But, in spite of the increasing light and the knowledge he certainly must have possessed of the topography of the place, the young man paused in some doubt when he actually entered the spot.

There was such a black gloom over the scene in that dusky winter's morn, and the paths and the gaunt trees had such a strong family resemblance to each other, that he for a few moments felt in some uncertainty as to his correct course. But, after gazing earnestly down each shady-looking path and duly considering the directions in which they tended, the young man decided on pursuing one which he felt tolerably sure would lead to the "gipsy's post-office."

But again, when he came nearer to the place where it was supposed to be situated, he once again felt baffled in his search.

He looked around at more than one of the twisted children of nature.

All bore so strong a family resemblance that it was impossible to decide on their peculiar features.

And Basil stamped his foot in sheer impatience of the difficulty in which he was placed.

But, at the very instant, the rustle of the leaves which that abrupt movement produced was re-echoed by a similar disturbance.

And, as he turned to determine whether his tell-tale senses had again deceived him, he perceived a light form approaching. The next instant he could distinguish the features.

They were those of the beautiful child-girl he had discovered while talking to the mysterious Lena, and whom she had claimed as her daughter.

Basil eagerly advanced towards the alluring vision that might indeed have acted as a magnet to draw admirers to a far more difficult pursuit.

"May I ask whether you can guide me in the search I am undertaking?" he asked, as he drew nearer to the girl, who appeared to him more winningly fresh and lovely as he came nearer to her.

"For what?" she said, in a sweet, melodious voice, that had the least possible and most delightful touch of foreign accent in its soft intonation.

He gave a slightly embarrassed smile.

"I fear it is a very vague direction for which I should inquire," he returned. "But I have some hope that so fair a sybil may have a knowledge of hidden mysteries. It is the gipsy's post-office that I am trying to find."

Eustace gave a dry laugh.

"I suppose I ought not to tell you—or else I may go the length of offering to be your Mercury myself."

Basil fairly started now.

The girl before him, with all her rare and dazzling loveliness, yet wore the dress of her tribe, though perhaps finer and of better fashion in make and more gracefully and, to use a cant word of much expression, even stylishly made and put on the wearer.

Yet this Zingara girl—this child of the woods—this pariah of the woods and fields—was yet apparently conversant with the mythology of the schools.

And yet more—her manner was easy and even sparkling in the bright smile and flashing glance of her brilliant eyes.

"I could scarcely presume to employ such a fair agent on any errand of mine," he said; "And yet I am in sad perplexity and, as I confess, very anxious that my misadventure should reach its destination without needless delay."

"Of course I must not ask to whom it is going—though I perhaps might form some idea?" she asked, gaily.

"You have challenged a guess. May I ask what your ideas of the rightful owner may be?" he inquired, deferentially.

"To our queen, and my mother," she replied, sportively. "What then?"

"Then it is of course a very simple mode of transmission," he returned. "But yet I would fain dare to ask some questions on what is far more perplexing to me than even the position of the gipsy's post-office. Might I venture to offer some such problems, to be solved at pleasure?" he asked, once again, somewhat withdrawing the letter he had drawn from his dress.

"If not very difficult—very mysterious," she replied, with a beautiful blush.

"There is no fear I should attempt to tax your patience," he returned. "It only relates to what you can certainly and most easily satisfy. Can you and will you tell me how and where you can have been educated to seem so—so—"

"Civilized?" she interrupted, with a gay yet somewhat scornful smile. "Well, perhaps you have some cause to ask a such question. It may seem somewhat wonderful in your ideas that a gipsy girl should know anything but fortune-telling and the names of the herbs for the soup-kettle. Is it not so?" she added, sportively.

She laughed constrainedly.

"I must confess that in many senses of the word you are a witch," he said, in a low tone.

"In what? Because I read what was so very obvious and plain in your thoughts?" she observed, laughingly. "What would you think, I wonder, of all that my mother and Jacob can tell if they choose?"

"And who is Jacob?" asked Basil, suddenly.

The girl drew up her slender throat instinctively.

"One of our tribe, I believe some distant relative. I do not quite know," she answered.

"Do you like him? Is he your suitor?" burst from the young man's lips.

"Mine!" she said, scornfully. "mine! never!"

Basil felt a strange, absurd sensation of relief at the undoubted tone and manner that was far more decided than the words.

"I am glad. I could not believe anything else of you," he returned. "You are far too bewitching and refined to be wasted on one so far below you. And I do confess that I cannot well understand where and how you have gained such gifts," he went on, more earnestly. "Beauty and even grace may be natural to me like you, but no such evidence of education and refined bearing."

She looked up at him inquiringly.

"Do you think so? I am so glad," she said, "so very glad."

"Why?" he asked, rather to hear her sweet voice and catch the play of her mobile features, than from any actual doubt of the meaning of her words.

"Because," she replied, "it proves that I have done some good by my trouble and that of the good sisters. I was at the convent at Bruges," she went on, "that was where I learned all the wonderful knowledge that seems to surprise you so much."

"At Bruges?" he inquired. "Then you are foreign, as I believed."

"I scarcely know," she replied, "whether you would call me foreign or not, but I knew we were abroad when I was a child, and then my mother asked the nuns at the convent if they would take me and teach me what they thought I ought to know. And then they christened me and taught me what they believed to be their right faith and to sing in their choir, and to work and read and write, and I do not know how many other things," she added, laughingly.

"And were you happy? Why did you come away?" he asked.

She shook her head, half-laughingly, half in a pretty penitence.

"I was tired, oh, so tired of all the prayers and fasts and penances and lessons they gave me," she replied. "And then I wanted free air and liberty, and to hear my mother's voice; and to gather sweet forest flowers, and I—I stole away one morning when Jacob had managed to bring me word that the camp was near, and though my mother chided me at first, she could not persuade me to go back again, besides which I told her I had learned all the sisters could teach me, so I promised to be good and not forget my lessons, so here I have been ever since," she went on, with some pride in her air and tone.

"How long was that?" he asked.

"How long?" she repeated, meditatively. "Let me see. The flowers and the leaves have come once since I left, and it was the fall of the leaf then. It must be a year and more as they counted time at the convent."

It was bewitchingly naive and alluring from the lips of such a young and lovely girl; Basil felt a fascination that had never yet been cast over him.

It was all apart from the spell that had charmed him towards Zoe Danvers; there was less thralldom but far more sweet allurements in this child girl's loveliness and simplicity.

He was sensible of the folly and yet unable to fly from the spell.

"So you prefer the woods and the fields to more civilized dwellings?" said the young man, after a brief pause.

"No, no—I did not say that," she replied, with a pretty shake of the head. "Only I did not like the convent and all those prayers and singing and gloom."

"No, no—it was no place for you," he returned, eagerly. "Your atmosphere is light and peace and freedom, fair girl. And, perhaps, such may even now be your fate."

She shook her head gravely.

"So my mother says," she answered; "but then it is so unlikely—why, it is impossible!" she went on, decidedly.

There was an unconscious dignity in her manner that gave fresh charm to her mien—albeit she somewhat turned away from her companion, as if in doubting disdain of his attempts at consolation and at prophecy.

But then the very attitude only displayed more completely the graceful form of the throat, the long drooping lashes, the perfect outline of her features, that were cast in the purest mould of beauty.

And Basil could fain have clasped the slight form in his arms, and pressed his lips to the tempting, childlike ruby lips. But he knew full well the danger of such freedom, even had his own sense of honour permitted him to take advantage of her extreme youth.

And he hastened to guard himself from the temptation by a sudden change of the subject.

"Then, I presume, I may entrust this letter to your keeping?" he said, drawing the envelope from his dress.

She laughed slightly.

"I should imagine I might manage to deliver it to my own mother," she returned. "But if you prefer the other mode of communication I will show you the tree which has been christened by that name," she went on.

He hesitated ere he yielded up the letter.

"I did not say that. I scarcely even anticipated the difficulty that has been the cause of so much pleasure," he replied; "but pardon me, fair girl, if I shrink from bringing you into any strait that would compromise you. I should prefer keeping our meeting secret," he went on, in a low voice.

"Why?" she asked, quietly. "Is it wrong? I did not suppose so. And if it is I had rather tell mother at once. I am too proud for concealment," she went on, haughtily.

"You are an angel," he replied, eagerly. "And

every word but confirms my belief in my admiration for you. Must this be our last meeting? Will you not give me a few minutes more of such delight. It is like a breeze of fresh, pure, heavenly air to be with you."

She gave a pretty child's laugh.

"And who are you?" she said. "You have learnt all I have to tell of my history, but I know nothing of yours—nothing, not even your name. And yet you expect me to trust you and meet you again like an old friend."

"Say rather a lover," he exclaimed, in unrestrained rapture, as he watched her arch, bewitching glance. "At least you may trust me, if birth and old descent will give warranty for truth and honour. My name is Pomeroy. I am the heir of your castle and the estate on which this wood is grown," he went on. "I might deceive you, I might give you another name, another story, but you are too sweet and young and pure to be thus injured, sweet Esther. Only trust me and you shall never repeat your confidence."

It was a rare temptation for the rustic, woodland maiden.

He was handsome and high-bred and young, and seducing in his soft, pleading speech.

Esther's very tastes and instincts corresponded with his, and she shrank from at once cutting off every communication with such a novel friend, as she styled him in her self-deceiving phrassology.

"Perhaps," she said, "yes, perhaps, I will meet you again before we leave this wood."

(To be continued.)

A HAPPY COUPLE.

A MAN should always be a little bigger than his wife, and a little older, a little braver, and a little stronger, a little wiser, and a little more in love with her than she is with him.

A woman should always be a little younger, and a little prettier, and a little more considerate than her husband. He should bestow upon her all his worldly goods, and she should take good care of them. He may owe her every care and tenderness that affection can prompt, but pecuniary indebtedness to her will become a burthen. Better live on a crust he earns than a fortune she has brought him.

Neither must be jealous, nor give the other cause for jealousy. Neither must encourage sentimental friendships with the opposite sex. Perfect confidence in each other, and reticence concerning their mutual affairs, even to members of their own families, is a first necessity.

A wife should dress herself becomingly whenever she expects to meet her husband's eye. This man should not grow slovenly, even at home.

Fault-finding, long arguments, or scoldings, end the happiness that begins in kisses and love-making. Sisters and brothers may quarrel and "make up." Lovers are lovers no longer after such disturbances occur, and married people who are not lovers are bound by red-hot chains. If a man admires his wife most in striped calico, she is silly not to wear it.

A. P.

SALE OF POISONS.—Sir John Astley has given notice that he intends to bring in a Bill which will make the administration of poisonous drugs and compounds to horses, and other animals, a punishable offence. Poison is occasionally an essential medicament to horses as it is to human beings. The external administration of poisonous compounds, to sheep especially, is an unavoidable necessity; and for the destruction of vermin the use of poison is, with proper restrictions, necessary. If Sir John Astley can, however, hit on a plan by which those who have the handling of these compounds can be made to exercise ordinary precautions, we shall be spared the repetitions of such tragedies as that which recently occurred at Godalming, and the reckless sale of vermin-killers, and suchlike compounds, by grocers, oilmen, and other ignorant people to intending suicides in a manner which renders the Sale of Poisons Act a dead letter.

REARREST OF THE BOY O'CONNOR AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—We understand that the lad O'Connor, whose public outrage on the Queen on the day after the public thanksgiving for the recovery of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales will be remembered by all, was taken in custody on the day of the Drawing-room on the 5th ultimo, at the precise point near the railings in Buckingham Palace where he made his previous attempt and was arrested. It will be remembered that on the former occasion strong medical testimony was tendered of the boy's insanity. Had due weight been assigned to that evidence, O'Connor would have been placed in safe keeping and under proper care, and Her Majesty would have not been exposed to the further risk incidental to the insane impulses of the lad, whose lunacy is now placed

beyond doubt, and who has now been consigned to Hanwell by the order of Sir Thomas Henry, based upon two medical certificates. It will be remembered that the sentence upon O'Connor, who presented a flint pistol at the Queen with one hand and a petition for the release of the Fenian prisoners with the other, was to one year's imprisonment, and a whipping with a birch rod. The latter part of the punishment, it is understood, was not inflicted. On release he was sent to Australia, and has frequently since forwarded letters to this country, containing unquestionable proofs of mental aberration. Recently he found his way back to England, and here he has also afforded evidences of insane tendencies and dangerous impulses. On the day of the Drawing-room he was recognized by detectives on duty in the neighbourhood of Buckingham Palace, at the very spot where his previous outrage was committed, apparently waiting for the return of the Queen from the Drawing-room, which she was then attending at St. James's Palace. He is alleged to be the subject of both suicidal and homicidal impulses, besides other dangerous mental aberrations. He is a descendant of Fergus O'Connor, who died insane, after committing a dangerous assault upon a member of the House of Commons in the lobby of the House.

THE GOOD SHIP "FREE."

SHE sat by the sea when, right merrily,
The white-capped waves were dashing,
And a dazling gleam, like a golden stream,
O'er the billowy main was dashing.

And she watched the ships which the blue waves' lips

Seemed ever fond of kissing,
While many a sail afar off grew pale,
And paler, and was missing.

Oh, why did she, by the rumbling sea,
Sit hour and hour together,
With her sad eyes cast on the ocean vast,
No matter what the weather?

Somewhere at sea in the good ship "Free,"
Sailed one with whom she'd parted—
A darling boy who was all her joy,
A youth most loving-hearted.

Years had gone by since last her eye
On his loved form had rested,
Since she saw him sail away with the gale
O'er the billows silver-crested.

But on that day when the frost-like spray
On the ocean's breast was dancing,
And a dazling gleam, like a golden stream,
O'er the wide expanse was glancing.

The good ship "Free" came home from sea,
With many trophies freighted,
And the boy was there—the darling fair,
For whom she long had waited.

And the richest store that good ship bore,
While homeward swiftly pressing
Was that mother's pride, the boy blue-eyed—
That mother's joy and blessing.

C. D.

THE FOOD OF GREAT MEN.

CHARLES V. was an enormous eater. We are told that "he breakfasted at five on a fowl seethed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices. After this he went to sleep again. He dined at twelve, partaking always of twenty dishes. He supped twice; at first soon after vesper, and the second time at midnight or one o'clock, which meal was perhaps the most solid of the four. After meat he ate a great quantity of pastry and sweetmeats, and he irrigated every repast by vast draughts of beer and wine. His stomach, originally a wonderful one, succumbed after forty years of such labours" (Motley, "Rise of the Dutch Republic"). After all, Charles died at an age—about fifty-eight—at which we are accustomed in these days to consider a statesman as still in the prime of life. The love of pastry appears to have been hereditary in the House of Hapsburg. Philip II., the same historian tells us, "looked habitually on the ground when he conversed, was chary of speech, embarrassed, and even suffering in manner. This was ascribed partly to . . . habitual pains in the stomach, occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry." Philip ordering an auto-da-fé after a meal of gooseberry-tart, which had disagreed with him, is a subject for an historical picture.

Frederick the Great is another illustration of the rule. Though he could die on a cup of chocolate in wartime, he loved good eating and drinking, and undoubtedly hastened his death by refusing to conform in any way to proper rules of diet. "The king," wrote Mira-

beau, who was in Berlin at the time, "eats every day of ten or twelve dishes at dinner, each very highly seasoned; besides, at breakfast and supper, bread-and-butter covered with salted tongue and pepper. We are at the last scene." No wonder. A short time before a gentleman dined with Frederick, when an eel-pie was brought to the table which he declared was so hot "that it looked as if it had been baked in the infernal regions." The king was immoderately fond of these eel-pies, peppered to excess. But about six weeks before his death we have the record of a breakfast such as a sick man has rarely eaten. Our authority is again Mirabeau. "On the 4th of July, when the doctor," the celebrated Zimmermann from Hanover, "saw the king in the afternoon, all had again changed for the worse. He had applied himself to public business from half-past three in the morning till seven. He then ate for his breakfast a plate of sweetmeats, composed of sugar, white of eggs, and sour cream—then strawberries, cherries, and cold meat." Frederick's illness was dropsy. He died on the 17th of August, 1786.

Every schoolboy will remember the parallel of the English king who died of eating too many lamprays. King John, too, is said to have died of a surfeit of peaches and new ale. The verdict of modern epicures will probably be, "Serve him right."

Most of the English kings, we suspect, were fair treacher-men, as most of them were also men of ability. There is a curious anecdote of Henry VII. bearing on this subject. The king had been out hunting in the neighbourhood of Windsor. His eagerness in the pursuit of the chase had carried him out of sight and hearing of his retinue. Night was falling: return to the castle that day was impossible, for close at hand lay the Abbey of Reading. Thither accordingly the king turned his steps. His habit was simple, and the good monks took him for one of the royal foresters, whilst Henry, for reasons of his own, did not care to deceive them. He was hospitably entertained, and the lord abbot looked on with an approving smile at the hearty performance of his guest. At last he said, "Truly I would give his grace your master the half of my revenues for so good an appetite." Three days passed, the abbot was suddenly arrested in the king's name, and hurried to the Tower, where a diet of bread and water was assigned him. The end of the story may be imagined. Before a month was over the abbot had recovered an excellent appetite for beef and beer. But the tale is obviously apocryphal. Even a Tudor could not have arrested a mired abbot in this summary fashion. From Henry VIII.'s pictures we may safely infer that his appetite was not bad.

Descending to the Stuarts, we find Henrietta Maria, at her first banquet in England, eating pheasant on a Friday, notwithstanding the signs and even open remonstrances of her French confessor. Poor girl! she was scarcely seventeen, and the sea-passage had probably given her an appetite. Her estimable son, King Charles II. of glorious memory, delighted in eggs and ambergris, of which we may hope he partook moderately. His death was supposed by some to have been occasioned by poison, administered in this his favourite dish. William III., the saviour of our liberties, both ate and drank more than was good for him. He loved to sit many hours at table: indeed, dinner was his chief recreation.

PRINCE AMADEO of Italy is occupied in writing the history of his reign in Spain. The title of his work will be "Recollections of a King." The Princess Marie is assisting her husband.

A DISCOVERY of treasure has just been made at Courbevoie, near Paris. A labourer while digging in the foundation of a wall in the Avenue de St. Denis, near the site of a former convent of Ursulines, found, at a depth of about a foot below the floor of a cellar, two small boxes, one containing 75 gold pieces of 48 livres, bearing the image of Louis XV., and the other 537 silver coins of six livres of the same and the following reign.

PENNY READINGS.—The gradual transformation of "Penny Readings" into "Penny Concerts" may be accepted as one of the signs of the times. The fact that almost everybody can read a book as well as he can hear it read at one of these entertainments, but that music requires for its due interpretation some natural qualification, as well as some special study, may no doubt have been instrumental in leading to this result. We are inclined to believe that these public exhibitions of musical talent (or the want of it) may eventually be beneficial to the progress of the art. Young ladies and gentlemen who pride themselves upon being "brilliant players" or "charming singers" are not likely to hear the truth amongst their own friends; but when they appear before even a minute section of the public, in spite of being at first buoyed up by indiscriminate applause, they are pretty certain in due time to find their level.



WINIFRED WYNNE;
OR,
THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.
BY THE AUTHOR OF
"The Lost Coronet," "One Sparkle of Gold," etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

They sin who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity,
In Heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of Hell.
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth,
But love is indestructible.

"FROM ANNE STUART! FROM THE QUEEN OF GREAT Britain in gratitude to a humble goldsmith's daughter!"

The idea was absolutely bewildering to the ideas of the lowly born maiden, and for a moment she stood in stunned and silent astonishment that banished every thought or power of speech. But it soon passed, that galvanized tension of the whole nerves and faculties, and Winifred returned to her natural, graceful, loving self.

She hastily bent one knee before the sovereign to whom she owed such allegiance as a bounden right, although in this case it was rather to Anne Stuart than the queen who received the lowly homage.

"May every blessing rest on your majesty," she said, in her clear, sweet voice. "Words are too poor to express my reverent gratitude for what has relieved my conscience of such a terrible load."

The queen looked sadly down on her young subject.

Perhaps she felt how precious would have been the love and sympathy of such a fair young creature, had she been blessed with a daughter to soothe and share her cares, as the goldsmith's child would have cheered and loved her mother.

"Poor child, poor child!" she said, gently. "It is early for you to be brought into these hard experiences of life. And you have no parents, you are an orphan, is it not so?"

"I am, madam. I have no one to feel either sorrow or shame for aught that may happen to me," replied the girl, sadly. "At least, that is one comfort in my loneliness!"

The strange words struck on the queen's ear as all unlike what would have been the ordinary idea of one like the goldsmith's daughter, but at the moment she did not comprehend their full meaning.

"Would you like to be placed in some household

[THE QUEEN'S PARDON.]

of repute, as a place of more safety than such a desolate solitude?"

"I would willingly earn my livelihood in any manner that was honest and suitable to a modest maiden," returned Winifred, doubtfully. "But I have a faithful servant who has shared my fortunes with affectionate zeal, madam. And if I could work for her and myself, it would be a greater boon, however humble would be our state."

The queen smiled, and turning to Lord Bolingbroke said something in a low voice which Winifred did not catch.

Then turning to the young suppliant, she said: "And what can you do, Winifred Wynne, if I were to desire to give you employment? Can you write or speak in any language but your own, or have you any handicraft in which you excel?"

The girl answered eagerly, her whole face brightening up with hopeful expectation.

"I am not unversed in some foreign languages, may it please your majesty. I can speak and write French almost like my own tongue, and I am tolerably acquainted with Italian, and from my mother, who had been brought up much in Flanders, I early learned to make the lace in which they excel there, if it were worthy of your majesty's patronage to employ an English damsel in such craft."

"Well, we will see. I doubt not I can in some manner find honest employment for you, young damsel," said the queen, turning away. "And now all that remains is for you to inform my Lord Bolingbroke where you can be communicated with should we need your services."

And with a gracious bow the queen moved away a few steps from the spot, and the viscount, signing to the girl to remain where she was standing, followed his royal mistress's movements.

"My lord," said the queen, when they were at length out of hearing, "it were a sin to leave so sweet and brave and fair a creature as that to struggle for her bread when she has so many rare gifts to be valuable for those in higher stations. What think you of her being placed in my household as a private secretary and amanuensis, where it is not my pleasure to employ more ordinary and formal servants for the duty? It seems that she is indeed trusty and true where more delicate service than is our usual routine may be required."

Lord Bolingbroke hesitated.

"That depends on your majesty's pleasure," he replied. "Probably the Lady Churchill may not approve of your majesty's royal favour being thus lavished on one she has discarded from her own grace."

Anne flushed slightly.

"I asked Lord Bolingbroke's judgment and not my Lady Churchill's pleasure," she said, sharply, for it was tolerably patent at the time that her favour was somewhat wearying under Lady Churchill's imperious manner.

"Then, were I to presume to advise, I should certainly consider that Mistress Winifred has shown qualities well worthy of trust," he replied. "At the same time, it were perhaps wise to keep such confidence and employment as private as may be consistent till these troubles have blown over. It is not often that I could feel so much faith in woman's silence and secrecy, but I do believe that were your majesty to grant such employment to this young damsel the honour would not be blazoned abroad by any prating of hers."

The queen looked relieved at the suggestion, somewhat to the cynical amusement of her acute minister.

"My Lord Bolingbroke has ever ready wit and tact where any emergency arises," she said, graciously. "And that being his opinion, I will even act upon it without delay. One of the penalties of a sovereign is the publicity of every act, every word which concerns her. There are moments," she added, sadly, "when I would give up all lonely state for the frank and faithful and fearless interchange of thoughts and feelings and sorrows. I would almost change with my exiled brother or the widow of my father at such moments."

"And at such moments might I submit to your majesty that it were well to call back the spirit of the hundred kings from whom your royal race is descended," replied the viscount, more gravely and kindly than was his usual manner, "To my thinking the rôle of a queen regnant is too high and exalted for any such repinings after inferior pleasures. Pardon my freedom, gracious madam," he went on, seeing the queen's pale face flush slightly at his words, "but I have sometimes feared that your royal will is fettered by the efforts of one who has but too much presumed on your gentleness of nature, and it is sometimes the truest devotion to risk the favour of an honoured mistress by speaking the truth."

Anne Stuart was hasty in temper, but she had a kindly heart, and Lord Bolingbroke had known how to seize the right moment and to offer his remonstrance in the most happy vein.

"The queen thanks Lord Bolingbroke, and Anne Stuart believes in her faithful friend," she said, with dignity. "And since you deem my plans for the young woman's well-being prudent and feasible, I

will depute you to lay them out as your wisdom and tact may devise; and should the Lady Churchill, or anyone else, dare to question my will, I shall know how to answer them. I will entreat your lordship to desire my lady-in-waiting to join me here. You will find her at the opposite gate of the gardens."

And Queen Anne sat down on the large chair from which she had risen on the approach of the young Winifred, and, leaning her head on her hand, she fell into a deep train of thought.

Clarence Seymour was gloomily reposing in the least uneasy of the hard, comfortless seats of his prison apartment.

Certainly the place allotted to him was comparatively privileged in its dimensions, and even the belongings which furnished it. But still it was in itself depressing to one accustomed to luxury and refinement, such as that age could boast, and far more so while darkened by the wretched uncertainty of the prospect that surrounded him.

He knew well that the extreme penalty of the law was death in such crimes as his, and though life was sweet at his age, and in the rank in which he was placed, yet he sometimes felt as if he could rather meet the dreaded foe than live under such a burden of disgrace and contumely.

How he despised himself for the weakness and the imprudence that had led him into his present strait.

How he felt to hate the innocent and lovely girl who had been the unconscious cause of his suffering and danger.

Why had he yielded to the mysterious and unwelcome charm she exercised over him, and which had not only induced him to expose himself to suspicion by mingling in a manner with the more domestic habits of the "usurer," as he called him in his bitterness of spirit. And what irritated him yet more was the fact that he could not even now banish Winifred from his thoughts and memories as an object alike of interest and of admiration.

He, the half betrothed of Sybil De Courcy, the descendant and heir of a noble family that would have scorned a mésalliance as a crime, could not altogether ignore the peculiar mixture of attributes and qualities that made the citizen's daughter so much more remarkable and interesting than any of those with whom he was more familiar from his earliest years.

Yes—while he persuaded himself that he hated—the conviction well nigh forced itself on him that he was in a measure attracted by the dangerous and fatal fascinations of Winifred Wynne.

"I am a base, weak idiot," he was angrily murmuring, when the door of his apartment opened suddenly, and the jailer announced:

"A gentleman to see you, my lord!"

Clarence hastily collected his thoughts and courage to meet some ominous interview, some spiteful foe—when—to his utter astonishment and well nigh terror—he met the cool, careless greeting of the powerful minister of Queen Anne, the Viscount Bolingbroke.

"You are surprised to see me, Lord Clarence," he said, with a smile, as soon as the door was closed, "and in truth my visit is one of strict privacy, and I either am not, or supposed not to be known to any of the officials here."

"I am of course honoured by your visit, my lord," said Lord Clarence, haughtily. "Yet, in my case it some times happens that solitude is the best kindness to the unhappy and the degraded victims of misfortune."

"Scarcely, when the solitude is interrupted by the advent of good news, my young acquaintance, if indeed you perhaps do not consider me as a friend," replied the viscount, calmly. "I am aware, however, that adversity does canker the nature too completely to allow of perfect justice being done to the motives of others, and I can well pardon any bitterness on your part in your present straits. I am happy, notwithstanding, to deliver the mission on which I am bound, and to inform you, Lord Clarence, that it is her majesty's pleasure to extend to you a pardon, attended only by one condition, that you do not remain in this country till you can prove your innocence more completely than you were unfortunately able to do on your late trial before your judges."

Lord Clarence flushed crimson with the sudden and doubtful emotions of the tidings.

"I do not comprehend," he stammered. "Does her majesty extend her grace to me as a criminal or as an innocent man? If so, I—"

Lord Bolingbroke hastily interrupted him.

"Excuse me, Lord Clarence, but it might be both as safe and as respectful to her majesty to hear out patiently the message with which she charged me," he said, with some reproach in his tone and bearing.

"First, you must be aware that the queen can only believe in and act on the verdict of her servants, the judges in your case. At the same time she, like all other sovereigns, may be moved by mercy to a con-

demned, man or by some doubts in his favour, or by the intercessions and pleading of powerful, earnest advocates. And in your case, Lord Clarence, it has been the last plea that have availed to mitigate your sentence, and procure you the generous and womanly mercy of Queen Anne."

It was perhaps a bitter pill to swallow was that polished calm sarcasm of the nobleman's words, to which the habitual cynicism of his look gave tenfold point.

"Then I presume you consider me guilty, my lord," he said, proudly. "If my honour is to be thus aspersed and ruined, life and liberty will be scarcely worth accepting."

"That is certainly a matter for your own choice, Lord Clarence," said the minister, calmly. "It is for you to decide whether you consider it better to insult your sovereign by refusing her clemency, and rendering naught the generous zeal and devotion of your fair advocate with her majesty."

Lord Clarence started slightly at the last words. There was an uneasy questioning in his eyes as he examined his companion's features.

"It is the second time you have alluded to this unknown friend of mine," he said, with a forced smile. "I think I can guess within a very little who it is who has taken such pains and interest on my behalf."

"Possibly. I hope you may, Lord Clarence," said the viscount, significantly. "It will prove that you can appreciate the generosity of nature which has prompted the efforts of your benefactress."

"I have little doubt, then, that the powerful intercession of the Lady Churchill has been used on my behalf, or," added the young nobleman, more doubtfully, as he perceived the negative smile on his companion's features, "or it may perhaps be the Lady Lisle who has thus taken pity on my fate."

"No, my lord, you are wrong—utterly wide of the mark in your suppositions," replied Lord Bolingbroke, with some acerbity of manner. "It was one quite as noble in nature and heart as the distinguished ladies you have quoted, but far humbler in birth and station, whatever her future position may become. It was Mistress Winifred Wynne who prevailed on the queen's kindly heart to mitigate your sentence."

"Mistress Winifred Wynne! Why, what interest or influence can she have with her majesty?" exclaimed Lord Clarence, flushing with surprise and arrogance to his very hair roots. "But perhaps she had some facts to reveal that threw a different aspect on my case," he added, with a sneer. "There is no one, probably, who could throw more light on the case than old Wynne's daughter."

"Peace, Lord Clarence! for shame if not for gratitude," interrupted Lord Bolingbroke, haughtily. "I can tell you that Mistress Winifred is as ignorant and as perplexed as yourself, though she is noble and generous enough to believe you innocent, and that some miserable conspiracy has yet to be discovered that will account for the mystery. It is, methinks, a pity that she should thus take on herself the sins of others and strive to avert their results."

"But how? on what plea? By what interest could she plead with queen, then, for such a boon?" asked Lord Clarence, with some tinge of remorse in his tone.

"By the merit of services rendered by her to the House of Stuart when she was but a tender child," replied Lord Bolingbroke, deliberately. "The queen has given your release as payment of a debt to Mistress Winifred, who appears to have early displayed the same exalted qualities as she possesses now. This is all I have to say, my lord," he added, rising. "The more formal notice of your freedom will be conveyed to you in a proper manner, and I would advise you without delay, ay, and without communication with any friend or acquaintance, to leave the country, or it may be that even the queen's clemency may be extended in vain."

Clarence did not answer for a moment. His eyes were bent on the ground as if gazing on vacancy, and Lord Bolingbroke's keen wit could trace the varied succession of emotions that were rushing over his brain.

At length he raised his head suddenly and faced the viscount with a more frank, unfinching look than had yet appeared on his features.

"My lord, I doubt not that I have seemed an ungrateful, insensible loon," he said, with a half-serious smile, "but it is difficult to sit down quietly under such a wretched load of contumely, even when the punishment has been graciously mitigated. But I will pray you to lay at her majesty's feet the expression of my humble and fervent gratitude for her gracious clemency in my case, and assure her majesty that the great and primary use that I shall make of my liberty will be to prove my innocence before the whole world as a justification of her grace and mercy."

"I shall convey the message to her majesty," said the viscount, more kindly than he had yet spoken. "And have you no word of thanks or acknowledging to Mistress Winifred, to whom you really are indebted for your safety?"

Again there was a pause.

"I scarcely deemed it fitting to trouble your lordship with such a mission," Clarence replied, with some embarrassment. "But should it come in your convenience to repeat to Mistress Winifred what I would convey to her I would ask you to tell her that I shall remember, and hope to discharge, the obligations under which she has laid me at some future and fitting period. More than that it were not becoming for me to express to one so divided from me both in station and sex."

A covert, rather scornful smile passed over the nobleman's lips, but it vanished ere he replied:

"Some man at your age might feel themselves fortunate to be thus prudent and cold-blooded, Lord Clarence. However, it is not for me to dictate what is most consistent with your nature and wishes, and I shall inform the young damsel of what is the state of your feelings where she is concerned. And now I will give you good-day, my lord, and the kindest wish I can express for you is that you may place the Channal between us ere many hours have passed away."

And, with a bow of mingled courtesy and dignity, the viscount took his leave, without even extending his hand to accomplish a kinder farewell.

The young man remained in a state of very bewildered and doubtful thought.

If life and pardon could have been made welcome to him it would have been by the medium through which he had received it.

What would Sybil de Courcy say? How would she receive him when clouded by such disgrace and indebted to the goldsmith's daughter for his pardon? Yes, to the same hand, the same bravery that had rescued Sybil's own life must be attributed the safety and the reunion of the semi-betrothed lovers.

It was a galling irritation to Clarence's proud spirit, the soreness of which he perhaps scarcely read aright.

Why was the humbly born more nobly brave, more delicately generous, than those whom nature pointed out as his equals, his fitting partners in life's path?

And the goldsmith's daughter shared and engrossed to the full his thoughts at least as irresistibly as Sybil de Courcy or Viola Lisle, whatever might be the difference of his feelings towards the first and the citizen's daughter in character and softness.

But it was no time for such moody reflections now, and after the first rush of such thoughts on his mind, Clarence roused himself to consider the preparations to be made and the plans decided on for his enforced exile. There was but little hesitation in his mind as to his destination.

Sybil de Courcy and the natural bent of his whole inclinations led him to choose the retreat of the banished Stuarts for the first spot to which his steps should be directed. But then gratitude and loyalty should equally forbid his offering one shadow of aid to the rival claimants of Anne Stuart's throne. It was a novel perplexity, perhaps, for the young and high-spirited soldier, but Clarence did not hesitate in his resolve.

Sybil and honour would be paramount in his heart, and if one involved the sacrifice of the other, then he would tear the heiress from his thoughts, and yield himself to the evil fortune that pursued him till fate itself should be weary of persecuting him.

CHAPTER XLII.

"WELL, Cousin Adrian, you will soon be rid of our wearisome restraint," said Gretchen Vanburt, as she looked up from the busy knitting-needles that were rapidly weaving some gay-looking fabric in her swift, pretty little fingers.

"You do but jest now, Gretchen," said the young man, who had just entered the room after the day's avocations had been completed with the eagerness that he had of late testified in returning to the family apartments from his more important business cares. "You are well aware that it will take much from the cheerfulness of my dwelling when you are gone. But why must you depart in such haste, cousin? Why not remain some space longer in this busy London, which at least is novel after the water-girt Amsterdam and its many canals."

Gretchen tossed her pretty head saucily. "Perhaps the novelty has no charm for me, Adrian, I am too true a Dutchwoman in heart to consider that other lands and cities are more attractive than my own."

Adrian looked annoyed, though he strove to veil the vexation under an appearance of soft regret.

"That sounds grating to my ears, dear Gretchen," he said. "Remember that England has become my adopted country and I could not without serious loss change my residence to my native land."

Gretchen opened her large blue eyes with an air of partly affected, partly real wonder.

"And why, in the name of wits and womankind, should your movements or fancies be guided by those of a simple maiden, Adrian? You have assuredly forgotten the plain, frank manner of your country, as well as left its home, to speak such folly."

The tone and look were too honest for Adrian to mistake the genuine surprise that the young damsel exhibited at his honeyed words, and for a moment he was posed how to proceed.

At length he seemed to collect himself to return to the charge.

"Gretchen, as a near kinsman, I may well take some liberty that a stranger can scarcely venture upon and say words and wishes which might not be altogether seemly in the case of other than such relatives in blood. Has it never come to your mind that a lone bachelor like myself may well entertain wishes and feel regrets that would be a cause of sympathy with a gentle damsel such as yourself?"

Gretchen laughed lightly.

"Oh, I see, Cousin Adrian, you are thinking of taking to yourself a wife and you will need some woman's counsel in preparing your household and, it may be, to be bride's-maiden at your wedding. But I fear me greatly that it will not comport with my plans and necessities to remain for such goodly purposes," she said, resuming her work, with its cheerful if monotonous "click" of the rapid needles.

Again Adrian remained in doubt for a while.

"Gretchen, you are wilful," he said. "You are resolved not to comprehend the meaning I would convey to you. I am a bachelor in a foreign land. There can be little doubt that a maiden of my own country and my own blood would soften and brighten my lot as no other could, and since you have been here, Gretchen, since I feel the difference that your presence has made in my dreary home, it has put in my mind the thought that you seem to laugh to scorn as if too witless to be regarded with serious attention."

"Nay, nay—pardon my lightness, Cousin Adrian," exclaimed the gay girl, once more putting down her work, and placing herself in a posture of grave suspense. "I am ready to hear all your grievances, only I cannot in the least see how such a heartless damsel can deserve your confidences, or what avail they may be."

"Only that she is the only one who can give me the answer, and grant the boon for which I pray," he said, determinedly. "Gretchen, you said I had forgot the simple speech of our country. I will use it now. I will say in plain words: Gretchen Vanburt can you be content to be my wife, and share with me what, it may be, no despicable fortune now, and the prospect of increasing wealth in after years?"

Gretchen listened in motionless silence till he had ended.

Then she seemed actually to shiver down in her heart and shrink away from his contact.

The answer came at last in strangely choking, husky tones, as if she could scarcely command her voice to give the reply with the force that her strong will would desire.

"Your wife! Adrian Meister. Never!"

He turned lividly pale with rage and disappointment rather than wounded love.

"So peremptory a denial needs some explanation, Gretchen," he said, commanding his passion as he best might under the veil of masculine superiority and composure. "You must surely have been prepared for my offer of marriage to thus quickly decide on its rejection, or else," he added, in a lower tone, "else there is some deeper reason hidden under the sharp surface of your outward manner. It is no maidenly shyness that actuates you in this."

"You are right, Adrian—quite right," said the girl, fearlessly regarding him. "It is not any passing caprice or shyness that prompts me in my refusal. Nor did I ever dream that you would have given me cause to have spoken such unwelcome truths."

"Why not, Gretchen?" he asked. "We are equal in birth and kindred. My fortune will one day double yours, unless I am deceived by one in whom I believe I can fully trust. Why should it be so extraordinary for me to ask you to be my wife, since age and blood and wealth are equal?"

She smiled scornfully.

"You should have put that last consideration first, in my ideas of your feelings, Adrian. I am unjust, perhaps, in such thoughts of you, but I scarce think that if my old miser kinsman had not left to me his sadly-gotten gold that you would have discovered such equality between us. But it is idle to speak thus, and only brings irritation that is not fitting

between near kindred, nor between a host and his guest. Let the words be as if never spoken, Adrian, and I will never allude to them any more."

"No!" he exclaimed, fiercely. "No, Gretchen, I am not to be whistled off like a child who has asked for a toy it cannot possess. I demand an explanation of your words and your looks and tone when I first asked you for my wife. It might have been some grievous insult; rather than the highest compliment that a man can pay to a maiden."

"Yes, if that man is honest and free and true, and the maiden leal and free also," she replied, quickly. "But, Adrian, have you forgotten that it is but a few short weeks or months since you were the long betrothed lover of Winifred Wynne, and that I would little rock of the affection and troth of the man who could thus lightly forget her when disinherited and an orphan? And you have either deemed me jesting or you have not heeded my words when I told you I had a true bachelor in my native land, whom I would not relinquish had you twentyfold the wealth you may expect, Adrian Meister!"

Gretchen had spoken rapidly and her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkling with the eager heat of her emotions.

And there was a resolute dignity in her whole manner that Adrian had never seen in her before, and which certainly gave her a new and stronger charm in his eyes than he could have imagined she would ever possess.

"This all very well, very sounding talk, Gretchen," he said, with an attempt at composure that would crush down her impetuosity of tone. "But it is not all. I can divine this much," he continued, "your look and attitude of defiance would scarcely have been warranted by the atrocious facts that I have been filled by a perverse and ambitious damsel, and that you in early youth, and in a far different position from your present unlooked-for fortune, had given some girlish plight to a Dutch boor! This is not all, Gretchen Vanburt, and I demand the hidden motive of your unwarrantable scorn!"

"And I decline to give any account of my private feelings and motives, farther than I have already done," returned the girl, proudly. "Cousin Adrian, be wise, and do not force me to be discourteous and bitter in my words. I would fain not be driven to such extremity with my uncle's son."

He hesitated, his whole movements and looks were troubled in spite of his utmost efforts to conceal his agitation.

And Gretchen almost pitied the distemperance which she yet could attribute but too surely to its true cause.

"Adrian," she said, in a low, kind voice, and laying her small plump hand on his arm, "you tell me that I am making mysteries and secrets in my foolish head. Be content that I have such power. It may stand you in good stead in case of need that my lips can bridle my tongue where silence is expedient. Shall it be so? Shall we be friends as kindred should, and will you strive not to give me cause to break such reserve?"

Adrian paled, though he scarcely would have confessed even to himself that he could feel terror of such a weak and inexperienced foe.

"You are like your sex, Gretchen," he said, more carelessly. "You are clever at making mountains and creating phantoms where none exist. However, perhaps you do mean well, and it were pity to spoil the 'romance' you are inclined to weave, more especially as you are inclined to keep the pretty invention to yourself, good cousin."

Gretchen sighed deeply. She saw but too plainly the deep and hardened nature of the man that was impenetrable to kindly generosity or truth.

"Be it so, then, Adrian," she said. "It is more like an armed truce than a reconciliation to speak thus. But, in any case, you have my promise. I will never betray what I have learnt in your house, unless you give me full and sufficient reason to sacrifice the pledge to higher duties. Now it is done, and in less than forty-eight hours you will be relieved of any constraint from my presence here."

She rose as she spoke, and prepared to leave the apartment, but Adrian hastily placed himself before her.

"One word more, Gretchen," he said, sternly. "I am no safe person to play with. Better try to cut a tiger's claws than to defy me in your weak, impotent fancies. I should know how to meet any lying tales, which would recoil on your own head, as scandal that would rest on your fame like a blister. You comprehend me, I see," he added, as her colour deepened under his stern gaze. "And if you have the caution of your country you will leave me and my affairs without mistrust."

He hastily retreated to the door without pausing for a reply or giving her a chance to carry out her own intentions of leaving him in possession of the field.

She sat down once more, her work dropping on her lap, and her young features assuming an expression of pained gravity and deliberation.

"It is terrible," she murmured, "very terrible. But it shall be done if it is needful. I will not let the innocent suffer if once the proof is certain; no, not for love, nor fear, for pity or for his unmanly threats. It is a sad, sad burden on my heart, but it shall be bravely borne, rather than cast it from me with heartless injustice. But I must watch and wait, watch and wait!"

And the girl resumed her mechanical occupation as is no such startling disturbance had interrupted her industry.

Meanwhile Adrian Meister had hastily sought the more private chamber which communicated with the reception-room of his house, and looked the door against intrusion ere he sat down in his usual place and abandoned himself to thought.

"What means she?" he murmured. "What can she have seen or heard that gave cause to such strange hints and mysteries? Surely there can have been no carelessness on my part to produce such suspicion, even if it amount to nothing else, in her mind. I cannot have been such an idiotic dolt."

He hastily rose as he spoke, and went to the iron safe that stood in a corner of the room.

The key was suspended to a chain that was carefully concealed in his dress, and its curious and strange wards could scarcely have been imitated by any foreign hand.

He applied it to the lock; it turned easily in the ward. There had been no tampering there, in any case.

He opened the heavy door, and quickly examined the contents of one especial recess, in which stood a wooden box, also secured by a well-concealed key.

This box was also opened and looked into with the jealous care of a lover watching his heart's idol.

The result seemed satisfactory, for he heaved a deep sigh of relief and replaced it in the former resting-place as if this momentary alarm had been removed.

But still there was an uneasy trouble in his face and manner that did not allow him to rest even on this satisfying evidence of his senses.

He sat before the still open safe, with a gloomy, abstracted brow, evidently striving to recall the events of the past few weeks that could throw any light on the mystery of Gretchen's pregnant allusions.

At length an idea appeared to flash on his mind.

"Dull idiot that I was—and yet, no, it was impossible. I must have heard or seen her had she dared to play the spy. And why should she? when scarcely arrived in this land, and utterly ignorant of all that could have given rise to such animosity and insolent meddling. No, it is but vainly tormenting myself to dwell on such follies. It is but the prickings of conscience, as some peculiar fools would say."

And he laughed hoarsely, and then started at the sound of his unnatural mirth.

"It is a fault that attends all that weak sex," he went on. "It were better, maybe, to give up all notion of uniting love and ambition, gold and bridal joys. And yet I did—ay, I do love that proud, in silent girl, and yet with a fierce revenge mingled with my love that is more like hate."

And the words hissed out from between his lips like a serpent.

"Let me see," he went on. "It will be but a brief space ere that scaled paper is to be opened which I believe will confer on me the whole of that hardly amassed wealth. I leave her destitute. Will she waver then—waver when poverty stares her in the face, and fame is gone, and the friends fall away from her, which even a citizen himself might command? Ah! there may be one more hope then, one more chance to win the prize."

He was interrupted by a knock at the door of his room that made him start as if such an event were of unwonted occurrence.

He hastily looked and closed the safe, and, with a rigidly composed face, that had little to betray any unwonted excitement or occupation which could not bear interruption, he opened the door.

It was only Fran Mack indeed who presented herself before her master, so that there was nothing very formidable for the moment in the apparition.

"Please, Master Adrian, there is one who is asking for you," she said, in a half-terrified tone.

"One. Has he no name, woman, how dare you disturb me by such folly?" he exclaimed, angrily.

"But, Master Adrian," began the domestic, when she was interrupted by the voice of the cause of the altercation, which sounded behind her so suddenly as to make her start and recoil as if struck by a bombshell.

"Pardon me, Master Meister, but I did not deem

"it needful to make my name and business patent to every prating woman's tongue," said the individual who had followed the domestic to the door of the private chamber with such audacity.

It was Adrian's turn to start now, but he concealed his astonishment with prompt self-command, and coolly welcomed his visitor with apparent indifference.

"Enter, good friend," he said, quietly making way for the visitor. "I hardly expected your business would be concluded thus soon, or I should have been better prepared for your coming."

The door was shut ere the last words were spoken and then Adrian's whole manner changed.

"Perkins—man—what brings you here? Surely he, the villain has not escaped?"

Perkins—for it was the jailer of Lord Clarence Seymour who had thus astonished the young Dutchman by his presence—coolly seated himself ere he replied:

"No, and yes, Master Meister, the young lord has been kept by me in safe custody enough, but there had been other hands at work to free him from his perilous cell. He has received the queen's pardon, on condition that he leaves the country. And from what I can spy out by eyes and ears, it is, as is wont, a woman who is to the fore. It is Mistress Winifred Wynne, I wot, who has worked the change."

"Winifred Wynne!" exclaimed Adrian, fiercely. "Saints and angels, this shall not go unrevenge."

(To be continued.)

MR. DINKIE'S REVENGE.

NATURALLY, my dear, a body meets with many singular people in the course of keeping boarders. I think the queerest folks that ever were have come and boarded with me, since Mr. Johnson left me with three little children to earn my living by the most ungrateful task that ever was put upon a woman's shoulders; for there are people that never think you can do enough for 'em, and people that haven't any consideration for your feelings, and, if a turkey happens to be tough, ask if it was ever known for certain what became of the pair that went into Noah's ark, and the like of that, you know; and there are people that have whimsies, and want raw meat or scorched cinders, and people that can't bear anything fried, and people that won't touch pork, and people that take airs and don't pay, and people that are so far from being what they pretend to be that you have to mention to them that their rooms are wanted, and all sorts of people who do all sorts of queer things.

One of the queerest things I ever knew to be done by any boarder was done, I must say, by Mr. Dinkie.

He came to board with me about five years ago, just at Christmas time. He was a bachelor, fifty years old, I should judge, and his face was smooth-shaven, and he wore a mahogany-coloured wig, and he was rather particular in his dress. He'd just met with a disappointment—not in love, mind you, but in money.

He had made himself a slave to a rich old uncle for twenty years, expecting to be his heir; put up with all sorts of treatment; been huffed and scolded and sneered at, morning, noon and night; never said a word; but just went on grinning and rubbing his hands and speaking about his "dear uncle," until the old man died, when he left him only a hundred a year for his life. After that he came to board with me.

There was boarding with me at the same time a maiden lady named Swiffles. She was about as old as Mr. Dinkie and she was very rich. She wore diamonds in her ears so big and so shiny that I wonder the thieves let her come home alive with 'em on. And she had the same kind of diamonds on her fingers. She had three pets, a dog with curly wool, and a kitten all white except a black nose, and a green and red parrot. Day-times she had them in her room, but she hired an extra room for them and they slept in that, and it was comical to see them. Polly in her cage, and the dog and kitten each in a sort of basket-cradle, with refreshments set for 'em in case they should be hungry in the night.

Everybody isn't so careful of children. She had white quilted covers for the two animals. It was peculiar, and she was curious in a good many things.

She wasn't very handsome, but she was of a very good family; and though she wanted extras she paid for 'em. I remember asking her once why she hadn't married, and she said she always felt that the male sex was beneath her, and that she couldn't promise to obey any of 'em. She asked me if I didn't feel to despise 'em myself; and I said some of 'em I did, and some again I didn't.

She had written a lecture, I think, for the purpose of putting 'em down, and she was a-going to deliver it in my parlour one night; only I saw to her, says

I, "Miss Swiffles," says I, "I'm only a poor widow depending on my boarders for a living; and as most of 'em are of the male sex it might give 'em offence to tell 'em all them dreadful things about themselves, and how you despised 'em so, Miss Swiffles." So she gave up the idea, and I was thankful.

Well, after Mr. Dinkie came I noticed Miss Swiffles and he used to argue together a good deal. Sometimes, too, he used to see her to church and to lectures. I had my eyes about me, and I noticed that she used to dress herself up very smart indeed of evenings after he came.

Then he came and asked me how much I reckoned she had a year. And she asked me what I calculated he owned. I told him that I'd heard she had ten thousand pounds, and I told her what he had, and how he got it. I couldn't tell what she thought, but I made up my mind that there'd be a match between 'em, for I've always noticed that the more a lady talks against the gentlemen, the more apt she is to have the first one that makes her an offer. Yes, I'd make up my mind to that, when, one day, I was sitting on the porch outside the back parlour window, stoning cherries—for if the girl does it she puts more in her mouth than she does in the pan—when I heard Miss Swiffles come into the parlour, and about three minutes after, Mr. Dinkie he came in.

I'd like to remark just here, that far from me be listening. I'm above it; but I wasn't called upon to go away, and I couldn't help hearing, and this is what I did hear:

"Miss Swiffles," said Mr. Dinkie, "I am rejoiced to find you alone."

"Ah!" said Miss Swiffles.

"I have long wished such an opportunity."

"Indeed!" said Miss Swiffles.

"You can guess why?" asked Mr. Dinkie.

"No, sir, I can't," said Miss Swiffles.

"Is this the coquetry of your sex?" asked Mr. Dinkie. "Have you not seen that I adore you?"

"No," said Miss Swiffles.

"I have hidden my emotions better than I supposed I could," said Mr. Dinkie. "My dear Miss Swiffles, here on my knees allow me to offer you my hand and heart, and beg you accept them and the life-long devotion of—"

"Get up, Mr. Dinkie," said Miss Swiffles. "Don't make a goose of yourself. I understand that you ask me to marry you?"

"Adorable creature," said Mr. Dinkie, "you put the question I would have asked into the most concise form."

"I'll put the answer into the same form," said Miss Swiffles. "No."

"You cannot expect me to relinquish my hopes at once," said Mr. Dinkie. "May I ask why you are not disposed to consider my proposition? Will you not consider it, and answer it more at leisure?"

"I have considered," said Miss Swiffles.

"But why?" said Mr. Dinkie.

"Well, if you want to know why," said Miss Swiffles, "because I like to be my own mistress. I have plenty of money, as you know, and three charming pets, who are worth more than any six men I ever met. I didn't marry when I was a good-looking young girl because even then I couldn't be sure any man wanted me and not my property; and now I'm an ugly old woman I shan't throw myself into the arms of the first fortune-hunter who has calculated that an old maid will marry any one who asks her. You waited for dead men's shoes twenty years, I understand. Now probably you wish to wait for mine? That's why I say 'No,' Mr. Dinkie."

Next thing I heard was the door slam. Mr. Dinkie had gone, and Miss Swiffles was laughing to herself on the sofa.

I couldn't help it. I just peeked into the window, and says I:

"Hurrah, Miss Swiffles, three cheers! It was as good as a play."

"Tisn't the first man I've served so," said Miss Swiffles, rubbing her nose. "Oh, they are a mean set, these men," and away she walked, with her diamonds glittering.

We didn't see much of Mr. Dinkie for some days, and then he told me he was going abroad with an invalid gentleman.

So of course I knew I was going to lose a boarder. But I was surprised when one afternoon I received this note:

"MY DEAR MADAM—Upon the eve of my departure upon a journey whence I may never return, I desire to feel myself in harmony with all with whom I have had any slight difference. Therefore will you permit me to give a little supper to several members of your establishment? You yourself, of course, Miss Swiffles, Mr. Rogers, and a friend of my own who will join us. The time, to-morrow evening. An answer will oblige.

Truly yours, BENJAMIN DINKIE."

Of course I agreed, and when I saw Miss Swiffles she said the man had a better temper than she thought. And so the very evening we all walked into Mr. Dinkie's room. He had had the bedstead put away, and hired an extension table. And there was Mr. Dinkie with a dark-complexioned gentleman and two waiters.

Mr. Dinkie did the honours beautifully. He made us a little speech, and he said all sorts of fine things. And such a supper—all hot, and very curious; pies with queer crusts, all ornamented, and ragouts, and dear knows what, and wines and things. We all ate heartily, and Miss Swiffles heartiest of all. We enjoyed ourselves, I tell you, and the dark gentleman, Mr. Mosler, sang us songs afterwards.

At twelve o'clock Mr. Dinkie arose. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the time for parting has come. I must be on board the steamer in two hours. Mosler, the same obligation lies on you. We part perhaps for ever. Adieu."

He shook hands all round. When he came to Miss Swiffles he gave her a little note.

"Read it alone in your own apartment, dear madam," he said. "It may make you alter your opinion of one who will ever remember you."

"Mr. Dinkie," said Miss Swiffles, "we all do wrong sometimes. Probably I was mistaken in you. I wish you a very pleasant journey."

Then he was off.

"He ain't such a bad fellow, after all," said Mr. Rogers.

"No, he ain't," said I.

Miss Swiffles went upstairs very slowly. I saw her wipe a tear away as she went, and I stopped to put out the hall lamp.

I had done it and bolted the front door when all of a sudden the house was filled with shrieks. It was Miss Swiffles's voice, I knew, and she was screaming for help.

"She's found a burglar in her room to murder her for her diamonds at last," I said to myself, and away I rushed and up came all the boarders, and we stood in the room where she stood, holding a letter in her hand, and shrieking like mad.

"Oh! where is he?" I asked. "Where's the burglar?"

"Go after him!" she cried. "Catch him—bring him back—Mr. Dinkie, Mr. Dinkie, Mr. Dinkie!"

"He's told her he'd commit suicide on her account," I said. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Oh! I'm so ill," cried Miss Swiffles—"so ill! Open the window! I'm poisoned! Oh! Ah!"

"Poisoned!" says I. "Oh! oh! oh!"

"Read that," says she, falling over upon the sofa, very sick indeed. "Read—that!"

"Mr. Rogers," says I, "I haven't got my specs."

Mr. Rogers took the letter and read it aloud:

"You ridiculous old fury, did you believe that a man could forgive such insults as you heaped upon him? I have had my revenge upon you, and upon that puppy, Rogers. I am only sorry I was obliged to include that simple old soul, Mrs. Johnson. You enjoyed your supper, didn't you? I hope so. Mosler and I enjoyed the cooking. Mosler is a fine cook. Parrot paté, poodle pie, kitten ragout are good dishes. We took care not to eat of them, but you have had your fill. I entered your pets' apartment at eight, and had them stolen and hot upon the table at eleven. Mosler has kept an hotel, and knows a thing or two.

"I wish you joy of your supper, and a good night's rest. You were right about my motive in proposing to you. I'm really glad you said No."

"By-bye, BENJAMIN DINKIE."

Well, my dears, it was all true. The pets were gone; and I've no doubt we had had our fill, as Mr. Dinkie said, of parrot paté and poodle pie and kitten ragout; and Mr. Rogers and Miss Swiffles were very sick, and I had to send for the doctor; and that's the way Mr. Dinkie had his revenge. M. K. D.

The lives of Napoleon's sisters are about being published, respecting whom there are several apocryphal stories in circulation. We have the "Nieces of Mazarin," the "Daughters of the Regent," the "Annets of Louis XVI.," it is time to know the truth about Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline Bonaparte.

A DRAWING-MASTER in Edinburgh, who had been worrying a pupil with contemptuous remarks about his deficiency of skill in the use of the pencil, ended by saying, "If you were to draw me, for example, tell me what part you would draw first!" The pupil, with a significant meaning in his eye, looked up in his master's face, and quietly said, "Your neck sir."

The crowd waiting to get into the House of Commons on the Kenely night were entertained in the lobbies, as usual, in various ways. One policeman volunteered a statement that "half the forces believed in him"—meaning the Claimant. Met with the argument that no educated man would sell as

the claimant did, he answered, "As to that, bless you, half the members can't spell. They write their orders for the House, and put Commons with one m."

THE MISTAKE I MADE

LET me see—where was it that I first met her? Oh, yes, it was boating by moonlight. A globe of reddish-pearl slowly ascending out of the east—the shadows of the great bridge resting softly on the mirror-like surface of the river; the sound of a flute played softly afar off, and all of a sudden the keel of my boat coming sharply in contact with somebody else's oars.

"Hullo, you!" cried out a clear, incisive young voice. "Where are you going to? why don't you look which way you are steering?"

"Charley Dresden!" cried out I, little heeding the torrents of obloquy he was beginning to heap upon me.

"Old Mottimore," he responded, joyously. "Why, who on earth would have thought of finding you dreaming here? Come into my boat. Hitch on your old craft behind! And let me introduce you to Miss Sophy Adriance."

I looked as sharply at Miss Sophy as the moonlight and my own modesty would let me, for I knew that she was the especial admiration of my friend, Charley Dresden. I had heard her blue eyes and peach-blossom cheeks raved about until even my much-enduring patience had failed. I had listened to rhapsodies about her sweet voice and pretty ways. I had been called upon to criticize original poems composed in her honour until the subject had long since palled upon me—and here I had stumbled, as it were, upon her just as Charley was on the threshold of a declaration.

She was pretty, alight and round and rosy, with china-blue eyes, a dimple in either cheek, and golden-brown hair worn in long loose curls, with none of the fashionable abominations of crimps, frizzes and artificial braids about her.

There was something flower-like and delicate in her prettiness—something unconsciously imploring in her way of lifting her eyes up to your face. Hardened old bachelor though I was, I felt as if I could have fallen in love with her on the spot if I hadn't known so well that Charley had the first innings.

We rowed home together—or, at least, as far on our way home as the river would take us. Sophy sang little boat ballads. Charley roared out tenor barcaroles. I even essayed a German student song which I had learned in Heidelberg nobody knows how long ago, and we parted the best of friends.

A week afterwards Dresden and I met face to face in the street.

"Hullo, Mottimore!" said Charley, his honest visage lighting up. "What do you think of her?"

"I think she is a pearl—a jewel—a princess among women!" I answered, with perfect sincerity.

"Congratulate me then!" cried Charley, beaming all over, "for I am engaged to her. Only last night! Look here!" opening a mysterious silver case which he took from his inner vest pocket. "What do you think of that for an engagement ring?"

"A fine diamond," said I, putting my head critically on one side; "and fancifully set."

"We're to be married in October," said Charley, lowering his voice to the most confidential tones. "It might have been sooner if I hadn't undertaken that business in France for our firm. But I shall be sure to be back by October, and the money I shall make will be acceptable towards fitting up and furnishing our new home. Because, you know, Mottimore, I'm not rich."

So we parted with a reciprocating squeeze of the hand, and Charley's bright face haunted me all day with a sort of reminiscence of what might have happened also to me if I hadn't have been five-and-forty and with a bald spot on the back of my head.

I spent an evening with her afterwards at the genteel house where she and her mother—a nice, bright-eyed little woman, the full-blown rose to correspond with Sophy's budding loveliness—dwelt in the cosiest of apartments, furnished in dark blue reps, with a turn-up bedstead ingeniously disguised as a high-backed sofa, and canaries and geraniums in the windows.

It was a pleasant evening, and would have been still pleasanter if Charley and Miss Adriance had not both agreed by mutual consent to put me and the expectant mother-in-law on the same platform of old fogeyism, and expected us to talk politics, religion, and the last new opera by the shaded gas-light while they did the Romeo and Juliet business out on the balcony.

I daresay they enjoyed it; but it was rather embarrassing, you see, to Mauma Adriance and me. "It's so kind of you to come," said Sophy, with a

gentle pressure of the hand when I went away. "I am so glad to welcome Charley's friends."

And I felt that I could cheerfully sit through another evening of common place chit-chat and photograph albums for such a reward as that.

Well, Charley Dresden went away, and as he didn't particularly leave Sophy Adriance in my charge I didn't feel called upon to present myself at the genteel boarding-house where the blue reps and turn-up bedstead made such a feeble attempt at deception, and the canaries sang in the south windows.

I supposed, naturally enough, that all was going right, until one day I received a note from my old friend, Bullion, the banker, a man of sixty, who wears a wig and spectacles, and who counts his income upon the double figures.

Bullion was going to be married!

"Of course, you'll think it a foolish thing for me to do," wrote Bullion; "but even at sixty a man has not entirely outlived the age of sentiment; and when once you see Sophy Adriance you will forgive any seeming inconsistency on my part."

"Sophy Adriance!" Was this the way poor Charley's blue-eyed fiancée was serving him while he was abroad, trying to earn a little money for her sake? My heart rebelled against the fickleness of woman.

I went straight to the genteel boarding-house. It was possible that I might be misled by a similarity of name, although even that was unlikely.

"Is Miss Adriance at home?" I asked of the slatternly servant-girl who answered the bell.

"Lor', no, sir. Miss Sophy's spending a few weeks with a friend at Scarborough," she answered.

That was enough. I went home and enclosed Bullion's letter in another envelope, directing it to poor Charley Dresden's address, Poste Restante, Paris, adding a few lines of my own, wherein I endeavoured to mingle consolation and philosophy as aptly as possible.

"It's an ungracious thing for me to do, sending this letter," wrote I, "but I believe it to be the part of a true friend to undeceive you as promptly as possible. Bullion is a millionaire. Sophy is but a fallible woman after all. Be a man, Dresden, and remember that she is not the only woman in the world who would rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave."

And then I wrote, curtly declining to "stand up" with old Bullion.

It was but a few days subsequently that the waiter showed an elegantly-dressed young lady into my room at the hotel.

I rose in some surprise. Aside from old Aunt Miriam Platt, and my landress, my lady visitors were few.

But the instant she threw up her thick tissue veil I recognized the soft blue eyes and damask-rose cheeks of Sophy Adriance.

"Oh, Mr. Mottimore!" she cried, piteously, "I know you won't mind my coming to you, because you seem exactly like a father to me." I winced a little at this. "But I have received such a letter from Charley, and as—as you've known him a long time, I thought perhaps you could explain it to me. Oh, I have been so wretched! And indeed, indeed, I didn't deserve it!"

She gave me a tear-blotted letter, and then sat down to cry quietly in the corner of the sofa until such time as I should have finished its perusal.

It was a fit mirror of Charley Dresden's impetuous nature, full of bitter reproaches, dark innuendoes, hurling back her troth and hinting gloomily at suicide! When I read it I scarcely wondered at poor Sophy's distress.

"What does he mean, Mr. Mottimore?" asked Sophy, plaintively, "when he accuses me of selling myself to the highest bidder? Oh, it is so dreadful!"

I folded the letter and looked severely at her.

"Miss Adriance," said I, gravely, "it strikes me you are trying to play a double part here. The affianced bride of Benjamin Bullion ought hardly to hope to retain the allegiance of poor Charles Dresden into the bargain."

"I don't understand you," said Sophy, looking wistfully at me.

"Are you not about to become the wife of Mr. Bullion, the banker?" I asked, sternly.

"Oh, dear, no," said Sophy. "That's mamma!"

"Eh?" gasped I.

"It's mamma," answered Sophy. "She's to be married next week! Didn't you know it?"

I stared straight before me. Well, I had got myself into a pretty pickle by meddling officiously in affairs that didn't concern me.

"Look here, Miss Adriance," said I; "I will tell you all about it."

So I did. I described old Bullion's letter, my own false deductions therefrom, and the rash deed I had committed in sending the banker's correspondence to Charley Dresden.

"And now," said I "do you wonder that he is indignant?"

Sophy's face grew radiant.

"But there's no harm done," said she. "No real harm, I mean. Because I've written him a long letter all about mamma and Mr. Bullion, which he must have received almost the next mail after he sent off this cruel, cruel sheet of reproaches. And pray, Mr. Mottimore, don't look so woe-begone," she added, kindly. "Your mistake was natural enough."

Sophy was a true prophet. There was no "real harm" done. The next mail brought a letter full of entreaties to be pardoned, and a brief, brusque note to me, which told me, not in so many words, but in spirit, that I had a great deal better have minded my own business.

Which I really think I had.

I stood up with old Ben Bullion and that full-blown rose, Sophy's mamma, after all; and when Charley Dresden came home I cut the big wedding-cake at his marriage feast. Papa Bullion gave the bride away, and people say that Sophy was the prettiest bride of the season.

But it came pretty near being a broken-off affair at one time, and all through my fault. I've since learned to hold my tongue—a lesson none the less valuable for being learned late in life! A. B.

PERSONS OF IMPORTANCE.

TALK about persons of importance, will you? There's no one equal to the family baby. Never a king, or emperor, or president with his power. He knows it, too, before his tiny feet can pater over the floor. He is as sure of it as if he knew every language ever spoken, instead of none.

When he awakes in the morning, another sun rises. When he is carried away for the night, he must kiss every one, and every one rejoices in his kisses. His eating and drinking, his walking and his pantomime, are subjects for important bulletins every day. Ah, how strange it is that this important being must, one day, be let down to the position of an ordinary boy, expected to eat what is set before him, and do as he is told—perhaps to go into somebody's office and be snubbed; that he should come after a while to be a man, and find no one very anxious as to his kisses—nay, to have one refused him occasionally! Yet, it's true. If he lives, he will slide slowly down to the ordinary level.

He'll be our "Our Baby" no more, but only a common human being, with faults in plenty; and even if he should stand at the top of the social ladder, be a great soldier, a renowned statesman, a genius—no matter what, he'll never be what he is now, a faultless creature, whose will is law to everybody, who has not an enemy in the world, and lots of lovers, and who has only to utter a series of shrill shrieks to be called a darling, smothered with caresses and comforted with flagons.

M. K. D

Now that all arrangements for the Arctic Expedition have been finally made, special correspondents are anxiously canvassing for chances of accompanying the Prince of Wales to India.

It is stated at Portsmouth as probable that Her Majesty will be present at the opening of the dockyard extension in July. The turret ship "Inflexible," constructed to carry an 81-ton gun, and the finest ship in the Royal Navy, will be launched at the same time.

POST OFFICE TELEGRAMS.—The total number of messages forwarded from postal telegraph stations in the United Kingdom during the week ending the 8th ult. was 402,502, and during the corresponding week of 1874, 375,370, showing an increase in the week of 1875 on that of 1874 of 26,632.

POLLUTION OF RIVERS.—The Marquis of Salisbury's Bill declares the following to be offences:—1. Putting or knowingly permitting to fall into any stream, in such quantities as to interfere with its due flow or to pollute its waters, the solid refuse of any manufactory, manufacturing process, quarry, or mine, or any rubbish or cinders, or any other waste, or any putrid solid matter; 2. causing or knowingly permitting any solid or liquid sewage matter to fall or flow into any stream; but if this was being done before this year it will be no offence against this Bill to continue the practice if the best practicable and available means be used to detain such sewage matter or render it harmless; 3. causing or knowingly permitting to fall or flow into any stream any filthy, noxious or polluting liquid proceeding from any factory or manufacturing process; 4. causing or knowingly permitting to fall or flow into any stream any poisonous, noxious, or polluting liquid proceeding from any mine. The last two classes of offences are subject to a proviso that if the acts described have been done by a person for a period immediately preceding the passing of this Bill, then, if such period be less than twelve years, he shall not for the next two years, or such further period as the

Local Government Board may by order allow, to be deemed to commit an offence against this Bill by continuing the practice, if he proves that he has used and continues to use the best practicable and available means to detain such liquid or render it harmless; or if the period is twelve years or more, then the person, so proving as above stated, will not at any time be deemed to commit an offence against this Bill. But nothing in this Bill is to legalize any act which but for the Bill would be deemed a nuisance. Offences may be restrained by summary order of the County Court. Proceedings are not to be taken against any person under this Bill for the first six months after it passes, or for a further period if the Local Government Board shall so order. "Stream" is to include the sea to such extent as may be determined by the Local Government Board. The Board will have power on complaint to compel urban or rural sanitary authorities to enforce the Bill, or to appoint some person to institute proceedings against offenders. The Board will have power, by provisional order, to constitute one or more conservancy authorities for the catchment area of any river and its affluents. The Bill does not extend to Ireland.

THE ENGLISH AND SPANISH NAVIES.

FROM the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century the contest between England and Spain can scarcely be said to have ceased. The influence of the House of Bourbon combined the French and Spanish fleets against us many times, though always with one result. In the long struggle, not only did the empire of the sea pass into the hands of England, but colonies in every quarter of the globe. The commencement of the last century gave us Gibraltar, and it closed with the acquisition of Malta. To the nineteenth-century Englishman Spain is simply an incomprehensible country, which pays no interest on her bonds. But even now, low though she has sunk in the scale of nations, she is far from insignificant at sea. A nation which has practically defied the United States cannot be classed with small powers, however weak may be her forces on land, however torn by civil war. We suppose there can be no dispute about the fact that the United States did "cave in" on the "Virginia" question on account of their utter inability to cope with the Spanish fleet. Seven iron-clads, including three of the first-class, constituted the armada which the United States refused to face.

As if to show how great are the responsibilities of England, and in what unexpected places the services of our navy may suddenly be called upon, we may direct attention to the affair of Cartagena in the autumn of 1875. The Intransigente rising in that town placed three powerful iron-clads, with some wooden frigates and the strongest fortress in Spain, in the possession of a number of desperadoes differing little from pirates. To establish the immortal principles of the Commune, those vessels proceeded to visit various places along the coast (mostly unfortified), and made "requisitions" for money and provisions. That they should never have been allowed to leave Cartagena on their errand of plunder is obvious. The capture of the "Almanza" and "Vittoria," and their retention at Gibraltar, was the least we could do to repair this error. On that occasion, as our readers will doubtless remember, our Mediterranean squadron was cleared for action, and sharp was the disappointment of officers and men when Galvez "thought better of it," and refused to fire. We may say that there was a vessel in the Italian navy to which it would be necessary to allude particularly. Among the iron-clad squadrons which flocked to Cartagena at the outbreak of the insurrection was the Italian—and an Italian ship, the "Venezia," carried the heaviest guns of all.

SOUTH KENSINGTON.—The South Kensington Museum has lately received from the French Government a magnificent porcelain vase or wine-cooler, 3 ft. 4 in. in length and 1 ft. 6 in. high, from the Sévres manufactory. The body of this cistern is of a lapis-lazuli colour; on one side is a white oval plaque, with a representation in very low relief of a wild boar attacked by dogs; and on the other side is a similar plaque, with a deer hunt. The handles are formed of Pan's heads with enormous ram's horns. This fine vase was chosen for the Museum by M. du Sommerard.

ALFRED THE GREAT AND THE BRITISH NAVY.—The superb City memorial presented to their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh contains a medallion portrait of Alfred the Great as the founder of the British Navy. In this age of commemorations, it is strange that somebody has not remembered that the first naval victory obtained by Englishmen was in the year 875, exactly a thousand years ago, when Alfred's ship defeated the Danish

rovers. (See new edition "Encyclopædia Britannica," article "Alfred.") The fact is worth remembering, if only for the sake of quoting with emphasis Campbell's famous line—"The flag that braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze."

LOVE'S PERILS.

CHAPTER X.

THAT night the Chevalier Armand passed at Versailles, but the next morning early he was on the road to Paris, and went directly to the city hall, where he was well known, and where the electors were in session. The general wish in Paris was for the presence of the king; and Armand was enabled to hold out hopes of its being gratified. To the electors and the people he enlarged on the sympathies and good intentions of the king, suppressing, from considerations of policy and respect, the angry counsels which the queen had permitted to escape her lips in a moment of excitement.

In the course of the morning, information having been brought to the electors that a quantity of arms was concealed in the convent of St. Eloire, Armand, who was involved, almost in spite of himself, in the revolutionary movement, was appointed one of a committee to proceed to the establishment and demand of the superior a surrender of the weapons.

This movement soon became known—for it was impossible to keep anything private, and the committee, which comprised, among others, Villiers and Rochefort, members of the Secret Order, were escorted on their mission by large numbers of the populace, many of them armed with muskets and pikes.

The convent was a building of great antiquity, situated in a narrow street, the houses on both sides of which were so lofty that their shadows made a twilight at noonday. The high walls reverberated the roar of drums beaten by lusty, unwashed hands at the head of the column, and the footfalls of a thousand feet.

Armand knocked at the portal.

"Who is there?" asked a trembling female voice from within.

"A committee from the Hotel de Ville seeks admission to the convent," replied Armand.

"By what authority?"

"In the name of the nation."

"Do they refuse us admittance?" shouted a voice from the crowd. "Batter down the doors, then!"

"Patience, friends," said Armand, to the crowd. "This building is tenanted only by women."

At last a wicket in the great door was opened, and a veiled female appeared at it. It was the lady abbess.

"Sir," said she to Armand, "you appear to be a gentleman. If you will enter alone and communicate your business to me, I will unbar the door."

"My friends," said Armand to the people, "is it your pleasure that I shall confer a few moments with the superior alone?"

"Ay—ay!" was the thundering response. But don't keep us waiting long."

"I will use the utmost possible despatch," replied Armand. "But you will be patient till I return?"

"Ay—ay!" shouted the crowd.

The door was then cautiously unbarred, and Armand was admitted to a conference with the superior, a lady-like personage of middle age.

"Do not be alarmed, madam," said Armand, saluting her with respect. "I come on official business which will soon be satisfactorily despatched, I trust."

"You come in the name of the king, I suppose?" said the abbess.

"No, madam. I come in the name of the people—the victors of the Bastille."

"And for what purpose?"

"To seek for the arms and powder deposited in the vaults beneath the chapel of St. Eloire."

"A strange place to look for arms, sir," replied the abbess, with a smile. "The abode of religion—the refuge of a few poor women."

"The fitter place for concealment," replied Armand.

"And what if I had arms?" said the abbess. "What if the servants of the king had commanded me to receive and to guard them?"

"Then, madam, you would have to give them up."

"Not without an order from the king."

"The king does not rule in Paris to-day," said Armand.

"Who, then?"

"The people."

The abbess smiled incredulously.

"Oh, do not smile, madam," said Armand. "The nation now is a power to be feared. Yesterday the people were without arms. They went to the Hotel des Invalides and took them, in spite of Governor Sombreuil. Yesterday the Bastille menaced the people, and the people took the Bastille. Think you that if they braved the cannon of the Invalides, and the cannon of the Bastille, they will hesitate to ransack the defenceless convent of St. Eloire?"

"Sir," said the abbess, "in the early days of the church Christian women, delicately nurtured, did not fear, in defence of the faith entrusted to their keeping, to confront the wild beasts of the Roman amphitheatre. The daughters of France are no less heroic in our day. And I shall know how to confront the raging multitude and endure their worst, sooner than betray my trust."

"But your religion does not counsel you an unavailing resistance," replied Armand. "Those furious spirits without cannot be controlled long. I pray you, therefore, to let me discharge my duty. It is useless to prevaricate. We know that there are weapons here. Tell me where they are hidden?"

"The utmost I can do is to permit you to search," replied the abbess. "But you must not ask me to aid you. Only promise me that you will respect the cells of the sisterhood."

"Where is the chapel?" asked Armand.

"At the extremity of this corridor."

"I will visit it then," said Armand. "In the meantime, let me tell you that many of the poor people without have not tasted food for twenty-four hours. If you have provisions to offer them they will be most gratefully received."

"The convent of St. Eloire," replied the abbess, "is poorer than it was of old—but it was never without the means of relieving the hungry. I will cause bread and wine to be given to the poor people."

Armand bowed, and, passing along the stone-flagged corridor, entered the large and dimly lighted chapel. It appeared deserted, and his footsteps echoed strangely as he approached the altar. But arrived at that spot he paused, for he had intruded on the privacy of a female, kneeling at her devotions. She seemed not to have heard him until he stood almost over her, for she started up suddenly, with an exclamation of alarm, and, turning, displayed to his astonished eyes the features of Julie Fontange!

"Julie!" he exclaimed.

"Armand!"

"I little thought this pleasure was in store for me," said the young man. "I could have noted nothing of your fate. I thought you had left France with my mother."

"Would that I had!" said Julie, in a low tone.

"And yet, on the whole, I am glad," said Armand. "For my mother, alas! loves me not, and her influence might have estranged even your heart from me."

"Do not—pray do not, Armand," said Julie, "say or think anything against your mother."

"I am forced to think it, Julie. It was through her means that I was sent to the Bastille."

"No—no—Armand!" cried Julie, with a look of terror; "unsay that—let me not think it was your mother sent you there."

"I have proof of it."

"Delusion! deception, believe me."

"Impossible. The queen herself told me so."

Julie muttered a low moan, and pressed her hand to her forehead.

"This is too dreadful," she murmured. "And to save you I—but how is it that you are at liberty? Did your mother relent?"

"No; her decisions are irrevocable. It was the armed people of Paris that opened the gates of my prison. But no matter—my sufferings were brief—I am at liberty, and I am with you once again."

"Never mind me, Armand," said Julie, sadly. "Speak only of yourself. What is the meaning of that scar with three colours that crosses your breast?"

"They are the colours of the nation, Julie—colours henceforth to be identified with the glory and triumph of the right. But why will you force me to speak of public affairs? Let us give one moment to dearer themes. This place is not too sacred to hear the utterance of vows as pure as ours."

And Armand sought to take the young girl's hand, but she drew it back with a shudder.

"No—no," said she, wildly and hurriedly. "We must forget all the past. We were children—we wandered in a happy dream; we are awake—the vision is gone—that is all—that is all!"

"It is you who are dreaming now, Julie. What strange ideas have taken possession of you? Not two days have passed since we exchanged our vows."

"We were not our own masters, Armand."
 "Julie, you torture me cruelly," said the chevalier. "My mother has left France—you are alone. I am your only protector, and yet you shrink from me as if I were an enemy. What is the meaning of this?"

"Go, Armand!"
 "Go! No, never will I forsake you, poor child. When the world around us was bright and peaceful I was yours, and now amidst the storm of revolution I am still your own."

"Pray go, Armand."
 "You have ceased to love me!"

Julie turned her eyes, overflowing with tears, upon her lover. There was so much of passionate tenderness mixed with despair in her expression that, while it checked his doubts, it bewildered and confused him.

"There is a dreadful mystery here," he said.

"Farewell, Armand," said Julie, extending her hand, which was white and cold as marble. "Farewell—forget me—or, no! do not forget me—but pray for me, as you would pray for a departed friend."

"You know not what you say, Julie," said Armand, more and more perplexed. "Let me send for a priest, and let us here and at once unite our fortunes."

"No priest would unite us, Armand," said Julie, sorrowfully.

"You are mistaken, Julie; under these circumstances, and in these troubled times, the consent of parents and family would be dispensed with."

"No priest would unite us," repeated Julie, in the same sorrowful tone as before.

"Wherefore?"

"Heaven itself would forbid the union."

A sudden light broke in upon Armand. He grasped Julie's arm, and said:

"Forgetful of your love, you have listened to the suggestions of these women by whom you are surrounded. You have taken the veil—you are the bride of Heaven—hence you cannot be mine."

Julie shook her head.

"These ladies," said she, "are good and kind; they seek not to make proselytes."

"Then, in the name of Heaven, why cannot you be mine?" cried Armand. "Is it—can it be that you love another?"

"No other, Armand. But—" she faltered.

"Speak, I entreat you."

"Oh!" cried the poor girl, "I cannot tell you all—but this—which is indeed too much. I love you only—but I am the wife of another!"

Armand staggered back as if struck by a shot and put his hand to his forehead. The pavement seemed to reel beneath his tread—the wall of the chapel whirled about him in a giddy dance, he lost his consciousness, and sank fainting on the marble floor.

When he recovered his senses Julie was gone, but he was not alone. The populace, impatient of waiting, had forced the other members of the committee to lead them into the subterranean vaults of the convent.

There, in the crypt, they had found the hidden arms and ammunition of which they were in search, and, by a staircase which led to the first floor, they now poured into the chapel tumultuously, brandishing their muskets and shouting over their success.

Some of the foremost raised Armand in their arms and bore him into the air, but he revived so slowly that he had hardly gained his senses before the triumphal procession was entering the gateway of the Hotel de Ville.

Then indeed he realized the locality, and with it flashed back upon his mind the blighting memory of his lost Julie married to another! It was the death-knell of his hopes. Welcome, the wild storm of revolution! Welcome, civil war, if it must be!

Dreams of peace had vanished with the radiant image that had smiled upon his earlier manhood. The idol was broken on the altar. When would the brightness of the past revive? A secret voice whispered in his ear—never more!

CHAPTER XI.

WHILE one of the brothers in whose fortunes we have sought to interest our readers threw himself into the popular ranks, seeking in the excitement of the revolution to deaden the pangs of his heart-sorrow, the other, estranged from the people, was a leading spirit in the brilliant circle of Versailles, that yet rallied round the queen, fanatics in their loyalty and in their hatred of the popular cause.

On a memorable night the marquis received an invitation to the royal banquet given to the gardes du corps, the body-guards, the officers of the regiment of Flanders, and some others of the military.

On this occasion the magnificent theatre of the royal palace was turned into a banquet-hall. Garlands of flowers were festooned on the boxes, and

a profusion of lights, from a hundred glittering chandeliers, set the vast area in a blaze.

The air was perfumed with the choicest exotic plants—a magnificent band performed the most enchanting music, and the long tables groined with every luxury.

Lovely women from the boxes and balconies showered their smiles on the young soldiers who lined the long tables, brilliant in their uniforms and courtly in their bearing.

The theatre had not been used for such a purpose since the visit of the Emperor Joseph II.

Music, beauty, youth, flowers—ah! what a combination! In right royal profusion did the courses follow each other. In right royal profusion were the wines poured out from silver flagons into crystal cups by a crowd of servants in the liveries of Louis. Let the wine flow and the music ring, Versailles feasts while Paris is starving.

At three leagues' distance—nay, at the very palace gates—are women and children famishing. The plaintive moan of misery can never penetrate these gilded halls.

The Marquis de Preville rises, glass in hand:

"To the king! Bumpers! Up, gentlemen, one and all."

A thousand men are on their feet. Goblets are clashed together. The bugle sound, the drums roll, shouts rend the air.

"The queen!"

Wild the enthusiasm of the officers and soldiers! louder the blare of the trumpet and the roll of the drum.

"The dauphin!" shouts De Preville.

The air rent with shouts in honour of the heir of France.

And now the large doors at the entrance of the auditorium are thrown wide open and the king and queen appear.

It needed only this to raise the enthusiasm of the military to its height. The king had just returned from the chase, of which he was passionately fond, and was heated and spurred. His countenance flushed with exercise, was more than usually animated; and as he glanced upon the gallant array of loyal gentlemen before him his eyes lit up with pride and exultation. Never before had he looked so kingly.

The queen, too, flushed and excited, seemed to have regained that dazzling beauty which distinguished her when she first rose like a "bright particular star" on the horizon of Versailles. In her arms she bore her child, and this circumstance, touched the hearts that were already intoxicated by her smiles.

The king and queen made the tour of the tables, often pausing to say a word to the officers and even to young men who had never been presented to them.

When standing beside the Marquis de Preville, the queen raised a glass of wine from the table, and touching it to her lips, passed it to the king.

"Gentlemen," said Louis "I drink to the gardes du corps!"

A rapturous shout of applause burst from the ranks of the soldiery. Marie Antoinette glanced at the king. On his breast was pinned a tricolour cockade.

"This is no place," said she, "to wear the emblem of revolt."

And she plucked it from his breast and threw it on the floor. Wild shouts greeted this unwise—this rash and fatal act. Ere the applause had subsided their majesties left the theatre.

"This glass," said De Preville, raising the wine-cup in his right hand, "from which the king and queen have drunk, shall never be profaned by meaner lips," and throwing it over his head as he spoke, the crystal vessel was dashed to pieces.

The band now struck up the touching air—"Oh, Richard, oh, my king! the world forsakes thee." De Preville silenced the players with a wave of his hand.

"We, at least, gentlemen," said he, "do not forsake the throne. Let who will wear the tricoloured cockade, I mount the colours of the queen." And tearing the tricolour from his hat, he replaced it with the black cockade of Austria. Many of the officers followed his example—black cockades having been liberally distributed among them. Those who did not assume the Austrian colours took off their tricoloured cockades and replaced them with the white lining outwards.

And now the wine circulated fast and furiously, for the ladies who had thus far graced the banquet had retired, and the soldiers were left to themselves. Deep drank the revellers—the music all the while playing the most exciting martial airs. At last the "March of the Huns" rang out through the hall, and then the trumpets sounded a fierce charge. The mad revellers sprang to their feet and fought an

imaginary foe. They scaled the boxes, as if mounting to the assault of a walled city. From the lobbies they rushed in Bacchanalian disarray to the Court of Marble. Here they stormed the great balcony and the inner posts, as if actually engaged with an enemy, and mad shouts of victory rent the midnight air. Almost till morning dawn the palace rang with the frenzied shouts of the guards and their allies.

But the next day saw a stranger spectacle yet. Thousands of the women of Paris, with a small proportion of men, led by a strange figure in black—Stanislas Maillard—marched to Versailles. The king was absent, hunting in the woods of Meudon. While they sent for him the drums beat to arms.

The life-guards, bewildered from their orgie, sprang into their saddles and mustered in the Place d'Armes.

The Flanders regiment, the dragons and the Swiss guards were ordered out. The National Guard of Versailles also appeared on parade.

The women went first to the assembly, and then sent a deputation to the king. Their cry was for bread. The king gave them a written order for breadstuffs and abolishing all obstacles for provisioning Paris.

Meantime, the news from Paris was exciting. In the morning a vast multitude had filled the Hotel de Ville. Lafayette found in the Place de la Grève the National Guard assembled. From rank to rank the word went that they must march to Versailles. Mounted on his white horse, the hero of two worlds addressed the multitude and essayed to calm their perturbed spirits.

"General," said the giant Thuriot, who was found in every assembly of the populace, "the people want bread. Their sufferings have reached a crisis. The committee of subsistence have either deceived you or are themselves deceived. This state of things cannot last—there is only one thing to be done—we must go to head-quarters—to Versailles. They say the king is imbecile—then we will place the crown on the head of the dauphin—name a committee of regency, and all will go well."

Lafayette was pressed not only by the National Guard, but by bands of ferocious men from the terrible faubourgs of St. Antoine and St. Marceau. They would listen to no argument, but by significant gestures, pointing to the lantern, threatened to hang the leader of the people. Some of them even levelled their muskets at his head.

Perplexed and foiled, Lafayette rode to the door of the Hotel de Ville and dismounting from his horse, sought to enter and hold a conference with the municipal authorities.

But his passage was barred by one of his own grenadiers.

"General," said the soldier, with a deep imprecation, "you shall stay with us."

Lafayette remounted. An order from the authorities was placed in his hands.

He hastily glanced over it and said, with regret: "Well then, since it cannot be helped, to Versailles!"

"Versailles! Versailles!" was repeated joyfully from rank to rank.

"We will revenge their insult to the national cockade," said Gerard Lorraine, who was among the people with his friends Villiers and Rochefort.

Fifteen thousand men of the National Guard, with as many more of the people, led by Lafayette on his white horse, took up the line of march for Versailles. A chill October rain was falling, but tens of thousands were collected on the line and cheered the troops on their passage.

Meanwhile, the king had assembled his council—but nothing was decided. The minister of Paris proposed that the queen should go to Rambouillet, and the king remain to fight, if necessary. Necker wanted the king to go to Paris, confide himself to the people and accept the revolution—the same advice given by Armand de Preville.

The queen wished to fly, but not alone. She wished the king with her that she might raise, in his name, the standard of civil war. The king was undecided, but finally the carriages were ordered for flight. A skirmish had taken place between the Royal Guards and some of the people, and the National Guards had taken part with the latter. The carriages ordered by the queen were not allowed to depart, and the king, pressed by many sources of anxiety, finally authorized the president of the National Assembly to announce his unqualified acceptance of the popular constitution which they had reported, and his adhesion to the famous Declaration of the Rights of Man. But these concessions were made too late and at too troubled an hour to produce an effect. The Assembly, which had been invaded by the women of Paris, finally adjourned, late at night, the members seeking their homes, large numbers of the population from Paris, chiefly women, remaining in possession of the hall.

Lafayette, before entering Versailles, made his



[IN THE CONVENT CHAPEL.]

command renew their oath of fidelity to the king and the law. He was resolved to protect the royal family. As soon as he announced his arrival the king sent word that he would see him with pleasure.

As he was passing to the royal presence a courtier remarked:

"There goes Cromwell."

The reply of Lafayette, who overheard him, is historical.

"Sir," said the republican general, "Cromwell would not have entered alone."

At two o'clock in the morning the Life Guards were dismissed to their quarters.

Lafayette, after assuring himself that all was quiet, worn out completely by twenty hours' active and anxious service, retired to an hotel, threw himself on a bed and fell instantly asleep.

But all was not quiet. Among the sleepless multitude from Paris that prowled about the gates of the palace there were too many ripe for pillage and carnage.

At six o'clock in the morning they forced or scaled the gates. While one column attacked the barracks of the body-guard another rushed into the palace and filled the passages leading to the royal apartments.

Two of the body-guard were cut to pieces at their posts in endeavouring to keep the rebels back.

The queen fled, and her pursuers, reaching the apartment she had just left, pierced her bed with their bayonets and sabres.

Marie Antoinette and the king, with their children, met together in terror, while shots and oaths were ringing through the palace.

After a while the tumult subsided, for the French and National Guards had succeeded in repelling the invaders.

But in the courtyard a scene of horror was enacted. Then first appeared upon the scene the "man with the long beard," one of the most grisly spectres of the revolution. A painter's model, on this day he was dressed as a Roman slave.

He had dragged the bodies of the two gardes du corps killed in the defence of the queen into the courtyard and, with an axe, severed their heads from their bodies.

These ghastly trophies, mounted upon pikes, were paraded in sanguinary triumph through the streets of Versailles. Lafayette, roused from his slumbers, sprang on his horse, rode furiously to the palace and then dismounting, sought the presence of the royal family. The king's aunt, Madame Adelaide, threw her arms about his neck.

"You have saved us!" she exclaimed to the friend of Washington.

"General," said the king, "what am I to do?"

"Show yourself to the people, sire," said Lafayette.

"Do you counsel your king to expose his life, sir?" said the queen, who was no friend of the republican general.

"No, madame, but to save it," was the reply.

Louis did not hesitate. He stepped out on the balcony.

"Long live the king!" shouted the multitude without.

"False dogs!" muttered the Marquis de Preville, who, with his drawn sword in his hand, stood near the queen; "there is no loyalty in them."

"You do not understand the people, sir," said Lafayette, severely.

"When I see them mutilating the bodies of brave soldiers killed at their posts I fancy that I do understand them," retorted the marquis.

"A few miscreants are not representatives of the mass," rejoined Lafayette.

And now the multitude without shouted:

"To Paris! to Paris! Let the king go to Paris."

It was the populace that shouted, the troops took up the cry and the welkin rang with it.

The king stepped back into the apartment; another cry was now heard from without.

"The queen! the queen!"

Louis turned pale. Fearless for himself he trembled for his beloved wife.

She hesitated.

"Shall I go?" she asked, not of the king but of Lafayette, whose judgment and sincerity she was beginning to respect.

"Fear nothing, madame," was the firm reply.

Marie Antoinette glanced around her, and then, catching an idea by inspiration, took the little hands of her daughter and her son, and, accompanied by Lafayette, led them upon the balcony.

The Court of Marble was filled with fierce men with fire-arms in their hands. It is questionable whether their designs were amicable when they shouted for the queen, for Marie Antoinette was hated at Paris.

But when they saw her, calm, fearless and smiling, accompanied by her innocent children and by the gallant soldier of freedom, who feared not to risk his popularity by respectfully kissing the hand of his sovereign, their hearts were melted and they shouted their applause.

Lafayette led back his royal charge in triumph.

"My guards," said the king; "can you do nothing to save them?"

Lafayette opened the door and beckoned to a garde du corps.

He led him out upon the balcony, and, handing him his hat, bade him kiss the tricoloured cockade. The movement was completely successful.

"Long live the body-guards!" shouted the mob.

Lafayette's grenadiers in the courtyard took the body-guards under their protection, and to ensure their safety exchanged caps with them.

And now the king decided to go to Paris, and the assembly, learning his intention, declared itself inseparable from the king, and prepared to accompany them.

The royal family entered their carriage. Lafayette mounted beside it. The body-guards, some of them wounded in the strife of the morning, preceded and followed.

The household officers of the king, including De Preville, sad and dejected, were grouped near the monarch.

The women, whose action had produced this result, were in ecstasies of joy. They brandished aloft branches of the poplar—the tree of liberty—now yellowed by the frost of October, and they shouted:

"We shan't starve now—we've got the baker and the baker's wife and the baker's apprentice," alluding to the king, the queen and the dauphin.

Marie Antoinette leaned back in her carriage, and pressed her children to a heart heavy with forebodings. She felt that she was abandoning the joys of life and taking up the cross. She had seen with a shudder what the king fortunately had not noticed—the heads of her two faithful guard-men carried on pikes at the head of the column. Henceforth to her it was a funeral procession.

Alas! how dreadful a fate was reserved for the royal pair! From the gates of Versailles to the scaffold in Paris was but a step.

We have thus imperfectly sketched some of the opening scenes of the revolution destined to exert a powerful agency on some of the characters we have presented to our readers. But we must not forget that we are not writing history, but romance.

We have now Eugene de Preville, a devoted adherent of the queen—the chevalier in the ranks of the people—Julie in the convent—Gerard a revolutionist.

Under what circumstances shall we meet them in the Reign of Terror?

(To be continued.)



THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

BY CHARLES GARVICE,

AUTHOR OF

"Only Country Love," "The Gipsy Peer," "Fickle Fortune," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
Be thy intents wicked or charitable
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee.

What may this mean,
That thou dead corse again
Revisit'st thus the glimmers of the moon,
Making night hideous?

Hamlet.

VIOLET's eagerness to enter the deserted room and gain possession of her father's miniature rather surprised and disconcerted the captain.

He was not quite prepared for such immediate action, and would have rather waited for a little while.

However, he had dangled the bait and Violet had, with unsuspecting affection, taken it and he must do the best he could.

The plot was beginning to thicken, and as he bade the ladies good night and ascended to his own rooms he ticked off on his fingers the characters which he intended to move to his purpose like puppets.

"First," he muttered, with a smile, "there is the beautiful, the innocent, the unsuspecting Violet. She has brains, but they are absorbed in the affairs and doings of Mr. Leicester. He can come as Number Two, and he is easier to manage than I imagined, for a man in love is like a man in drink, he is only in possession of half his wits. Then there are the Lack-lads. Proud and poor, they must fall into my hands. They must scheme for Leicester and, if possible, be made to help me without knowing. Then whom is there left? My bull-dog, faithful Jem. I can manage him by an application of the whip occasionally. And as for Master Fairfax, why, like all men of his class, artists, poets and that sort, their hearts are so tender and susceptible that they fall an easy prey to any one."

So chuckling, the schemer repaired to that sleep which, as we have said, always came to him be his brain heavy with schemes and plots as it might.

Meanwhile, it would be as well perhaps to follow in the footsteps of the faithful bull-dog.

Men of Jem's calibre are peculiarly constituted. They are courageous to the degree of recklessness.

[CAUGHT A TARTAR.]

But their courage only carries them to a certain point.

Bring them face to face with some danger of a character of which they are ignorant and their daring pales and misses fire.

Ignorant men have a great deal of superstition in their natures. They know nothing of the laws of the universe, and they dread all that they do not understand.

Under such a superstitious horror as that which had fallen upon Jem Starling the bravest sailors have been known to stand with trembling knees and palsied hands while a ship which they supposed haunted drifted to its doom, a doom which half an hour's activity might have averted.

So it was with Jem. While he had to do with London detectives or Portland jailers he could manage well enough to keep his mind clear and his courage to the sticking-point. But directly the intangible, the ghostly and the spiritual came on the scene his presence of mind and his courage forsook him.

He had been commanded to refrain from strong drink and to remain sober, and he had kept sober up to the day upon which the captain, with a slight lapse from his usual foresight, had discharged him.

On that day he had aired his grievance among the fishermen, who, as it has been seen, sympathized with him, and, of course, had aired it in the public-house.

There were plenty to stand treat, and Jem had drunk heavily.

At ten o'clock he emerged from the "Blue Lion," leaning upon Willie Sanderson's arm—or rather, supported by it—in that state which might be described as desperately intoxicated.

A small crowd of fishermen were round him, and they were all more or less hilarious or excited.

"Now you all a'ye go home," snapped Martha, as she stood at the door, with Polly peeping over her shoulder at the departing revellers. "All a'ye go home and get to bed, and be ashamed o' ye selves! You shan't have any more ale in my house for a week, and ye have only yourselves and that fool of a gal to thank for the quantity ye've had to-night. Go home!"

At that "the fool of a girl" stepped away from her post of observation, the door was slammed to by Martha, and the excited men were left out in the cool night.

"Hold up!" said Willie to Jem, who was staggering about upon the big young fisherman's arm. "Hold up!"

"Here," said one of the others, the carrier, old Nat, coming forward, "I'll give you a hand with him.

We'll take him down to my cottage and let him sleep there to-night. He's had a rare skinful."

Then he turned to the others and said:

"Willie and me 'all take care of this chap. You get home quickly. There's work to do to-morrow, you know," he added, significantly.

The boys returned a hearty "Ay, ay," and, after an exchange of mutual and noisy adieux, turned down to their cottages by the beach.

Nat and Willie went straight on down the village street, at the end of which, and a little retired from the road, Nat's cottage lay.

It was a snug little place, with a small shed beside, in which his pony and tax-cart stood.

As they passed down the street, with Jem rolling and shouting and singing between them, he saw a gentleman, in the starlight, coming along the slope towards them.

Nat, as the figure approached within recognition, looked across at Willie.

"It's Master Leicester, bean't it?" he said.

Nat nodded.

"Hold your tongue, and we'll get this chap past him without his knowing it. We don't want a rumour in the middle o' the night."

Willie nodded, and the two hurried Jem on.

It was Leicester, who, disgusted and dissatisfied, had turned out for a walk—a walk in which he might, in the quiet of the night, review the incidents of the evening and examine his heart as to its feeling for Violet Mildmay.

He was unhappy, and he could not sleep, and there was a miserable sort of consolation in stalking about the country, and musing upon the strange conduct of his love and the peculiar state of things in which he and she were gradually growing involved. As he came down the slope, with his cigar in his mouth, and at a good swinging pace, he saw the group of three, and was about to pass on without recognising them, but Willie's figure, stalwart and huge, was too well known to pass unrecognized, and Leicester, with his usual kindness, said, gravely:

"Late to-night, Willie! Good night."

This was just what the two men had dreaded. At the sound of the voice which he hated above all the drunken man started and threw up his head.

"Who's that?" he snarled, hoarsely, staring before him with thick and bloodshot eyes. "Who's that? That's his voice, I'll swear."

"Come on," said Nat, giving him an angry jerk, "come on, and don't make a fool of yourself, Starling."

"I shan't," said Jem, with an oath. "I will stop and look at him. I'm a dog, I am, but a dog can

look at a king—ah, and bite too. D'ye hear that?" he shouted out to Leicester, who had walked on with the greatest indifference. That same indifference seemed to madden the miserable Jem, and, by a sudden jerk, whose very unexpectedness gave it greater force, he wrenched himself away from his keepers and sprang down the path after Leicester.

Leicester heard him coming, and turned round ready to receive him.

With a snarl Jem sprang at him.

Leicester raised his hand and knocked him down. The next instant Willie and Nat were down upon him and holding him down where he lay struggling and blaspheming, shouting out oaths and threats.

"You ain't hurt, Mr. Leicester?" asked Willie.

"No," said Leicester. "He has not touched me. There is no harm done, if he has received none."

"Not he," growled Willie, "the fool's drunk."

"So I am," said Leicester. "I am not likely to resent the conduct of a drunken man, but I must and I will defend myself against any attack he may make or any annoyance he may give when he is sober."

"Ay, ay," said Willie. "That he right enough."

"Perhaps you will give him to understand that when he is capable of understanding anything," said Leicester.

"Ay, ay, I will," said Willie.

"Good night," said Leicester.

"Good night, Master Leicester," said the two men, or rather shouted it, for they had to make themselves heard above the mad ravings of their companion.

Leicester, calm and unmoved, gravely walked on.

The two men exchanged glances as they looked at the dark mark of the last blow upon the drunken man's face and grinned appreciatively.

"That was a right-down good one! Straight from the shoulder, weren't it?" said Willie, shaking his head. "I wonder how Master Starling will relish it in the morning? He be a quarrelsome beast, though, and I wish he were safe at home. Come up, will you?" and with a vigorous shake and haul they set their charge upon his feet again and proceeded.

Nat the carrier's cottage was but a little distance from the spot, and they succeeded in getting Jem to bed without farther disturbance of her majesty's peace.

In the morning it was soon over the village that there had been another scene between Mr. Leicester and Jem Starling, and when the man appeared at the "Blue Lion" about noon they expected to hear a second edition of the dreadful threats which had broken the stillness of the preceding night.

But Jem came in silently, with the dark bruise upon his face, and sullenly kept that silence.

And so the day passed, and the little incident had before night sunk into insignificance.

But it was doomed to bear bitter fruit, and that before many weeks should pass.

"I have been thinking," said the captain, as he entered the breakfast-room on the same morning, "that this is the very day for a ride. It is not so hot and there is a delicious little breeze."

Violet looked up with an indifferent smile.

"A very good idea," said Mrs. Mildmay. "Violet, you look quite pale again this morning. I think a ride would do you good."

"I did not sleep very well last night," said Violet, flushing for a moment as she thought how many hours she had heard the clock strike, and how full those waking hours were of one individual. "And I think it would be the wisest thing this morning."

"Come," said the captain, cheerily, "then, I shall have the happiness of playing cavalier. May I order the horses?"

"Please," said Violet.

And the captain rang the bell.

He was gradually getting into the habit of giving orders to the servants, and making the arrangements, but he did it with so much quiet tact that neither Violet nor Mrs. Mildmay noticed it, or if they did they only felt grateful to him for relieving them of the trouble.

Thus, in a short time it had been brought about that Captain Howard Murpoint's word of command was as implicitly obeyed by the servants of the Park as that of their beloved master, John Mildmay, would have been.

The horses were brought round, and Violet, having donned her habit, was mounted.

"Shall we try the downs?" said the captain, and, Violet acquiescing, the steeds were turned thitherwards.

Violet felt triste, as she looked, and the captain endeavoured to rouse her.

In consequence of those endeavours and the fresh breeze conjointly the colour returned to the beautiful girl's face and she looked light to her eye.

And it was looking thus joyous and happy that Leicester, grim and unhappy, mounted upon his black horse, met her.

Had he soon her half an hour before he would have read in her face that her heart was disquieted, and an explanation might have ensued.

But his jealous and justly jealous heart received a pang at her freshness and carelessness, and as he pulled up the powerful horse almost upon its haunches he muttered to himself, with a pained frown:

"She has no heart! Why should I throw mine away upon her? She is as happy and as free from remorse as a peacock after the misery she inflicted upon me last night—miserable that I believe was inflicted with full intent and out of wilful malice. I feel that I could hate her if I did not love her!"

Then aloud he said, as he raised his hat:

"An unexpected meeting. I did not think to have the pleasure of an encounter with you this morning, Miss Mildmay."

"There need be no battle though you have," she retorted, with a smile, carefully misunderstanding his words.

He bowed.

"We'll proclaim a truce then," he said. "May I turn my horse's head?"

"Oh, certainly," said Violet, and he turned the Knight and shook hands with the captain, who eyed the pair keenly behind his pleasant, frank smile.

"Beautiful day," said Leicester. "Quite a relief this breeze. Are you going far?"

"Only for a gallop," said Violet, whose heart was beating fast and rapidly melting under the grave and almost reproachful gaze of his dark eyes.

After all, might there not be some mistake about him and Ethel Boisdale? Oh, at that moment how she longed that there might be!

"I was going over to Teuby," said Leicester.

"A pretty town," said the captain, smiling to himself as he recalled his visit and his purchases. "I passed through it a short time since, and I thought of going again soon. I want to find a solicitor."

"A solicitor," said Leicester. "I am going to see mine this morning. Can I recommend him?"

"Thank you," said the captain, "but I do not know whether he would think the matter worth while."

"Every drop helps the ocean," said Leicester, who talked on to regain his calmness, and who felt his heart gradually rising joyously as he rode beside the woman he loved.

"Why will not dear old Mr. Thaxton do?" said Violet. "He is our solicitor."

"He lives in London, does he not?" asked the captain, who did not want any solicitor, and who had been merely fishing to ascertain who the Mildmay solicitor was and where he resided.

"Yes," said Violet. "But of course he can come down at an hour's notice. He does come down sometimes. I do not know what for, but to see to things I suppose. A lawyer is a necessary evil."

"Rather hard upon the legal profession," said Leicester, with a smile. "I thought of being a lawyer myself once," he added.

"And a very good one you would have made," said the captain, nodding. "Grave, acute, keen, and clear-headed, if you will allow me to say so."

Leicester bowed, with his cynical smile. He did not believe in the captain's praise.

"And why were you not?" said Violet, trying to speak with coquettish indifference.

Leicester shook his head.

"Too lazy," he said. "My new trade will suit me best, I think."

"Your new trade!" said Violet, leaning forward and stroking her horse, "and may I inquire what that may be?"

"Oh, yes," said Leicester. "There is no patent connected with it. I am going to turn traveller—not commercial traveller, for that, I am afraid, I have not head enough—but traveller and explorer. I am suddenly filled with a vast longing to see what Central Africa is like."

"Oh," said the captain, with a cunning smile about his lips, as he thought: "That is the move, is it, Mr. Leicester? You would frighten the little lady-bird into your net by threatening to go away and die, would you?" "Oh," he said, aloud and banteringly, "it is a sweet place, full of charming inducements to an active and intelligent young fellow. There are not less than sixteen different species of snake—ten of them deadly; fourteen fatal fevers, and wild beasts innumerable. But all these a man could manage; the climate's the most charming part of it. Only a nigger can stand it, and he gives in before many years. Oh, yes, Central Africa is a sweet place."

Leicester smiled unappalled.

Violet turned white and arranged her veil with a trembling hand.

If he were going to Africa then there could be nothing in the rumour which assigned him to Ethel Boisdale; her heart beat fast, and her eyes filled with tears as she remembered how basely, even cruelly, she had treated him.

Oh! how she longed to ask him humbly, like the wicked girl she was, to forgive her!

"It is not a sweet place or an eligible residence for a delicate young lady," said Leicester, "but it possesses a charm which in most people's opinion outweighs its hundred and one drawbacks."

"And that?" said Violet, trying to speak indifferently.

"In novelty," said Leicester. "All the rest of the world has been used up. Africa alone remains, and as I am but a worthless wail and stray, a sad, idle dog, I'll go to Africa."

"You might do worse," said the captain. "But you can certainly do better; don't you think so, Miss Violet?"

Now, if he had let her alone, Violet would have broken down.

Tears had already formed in her sweet, truthful eyes.

But his question was what he had intended it should be, an appeal to her pride, and summoning all her presence of mind, she choked back the tears and said bravely, with a little smile:

"Mr. Leicester is the best judge of that. I think there is a great charm in novelty, and even Africa is not too far off to go in search of it."

"Heartless flirt!" thought Leicester, as he cut his horse almost passionately. "She does not care—why should she?—if I throw myself over the cliff!"

"You are right, Miss Mildmay," he said, "and I am glad to have the weight of your opinion on my side."

Violet inclined her head with a show of indifference.

"My opinion is not worth much," she said, "on any subject, least of all on this."

"Consult the medical books on Africa my dear Mr. Dodson," said the captain, "and save your life."

Leicester smiled.

"We've exhausted the subject," he said, in his curt tone. "I have decided to go, and I am not fickle."

Violet glanced at him.

She longed to pour out her whole mind, to accuse him of his inconsistency, but his next remark awoke a fresh thrill of feeling within her.

"May I ask a favour, Miss Mildmay?" he said. "I would not have spoken of my trip but for that."

"A favour?" she said. "What is it?"

The reply sounded utterly ungracious, but she could not trust herself to many words.

"My mother will feel lonely when I have started—though only for a time, perhaps—would you, in the kindness of your heart, and out of that womanly charity which is the glory of your sex, take the Cedars sometimes in your walks and drives?"

Violet's face paled.

"I will, gladly, and for my own sake," she said.

"If you go," she added.

He did not notice the addition.

"I am very grateful," he said, "very; and of her gratitude I need not assure you. Penrddia is a dull place, and dullness is bad for more than the wood on Leith's wharf!"

"Not so dull now that the Lacklands are at the Lodge," said the captain, with a pleasant smile.

Violet flushed, simply because Leicester's grave, dark eyes were suddenly turned upon her face with an earnest gaze.

"No," she stammered, confused by her own meaningless flush.

But he did not think it meaningless.

He pulled up the Knight with an iron hand, and in a grim, hard voice said:

"I am afraid I must deny myself the pleasure of a longer chat; I am expected at home. Good morning."

Violet gave him her hand.

He was too excited and mad to feel that it trembled.

He turned the horse, dug the spurs into it almost savagely and tore on.

"It's too true," he muttered, between his teeth, "that blush told all. Lord Fitz has won, and I have lost. Well, so be it. Africa at least will be constant, if only in death."

For some little time the captain and Violet rode on in silence.

As for him, he could have burst into a fit of wild and triumphant laughter, for he had won the day once more, and turned what would have been a glorious, joyous triumph for Leicester into a complete defeat.

That question and that wily remark had done the

deed, and once more he had widened the gulf of jealousy and misunderstanding which yawned between John Midmay's daughter and Leicester Dodson.

As they neared home, and after a little rambling conversation, he remarked, casually:

"I have been thinking, and I have concluded to wait until Mr. Thaxton comes down before I go into my little business matter. It is only a small, trivial affair about some money which I think ought to be due to me, and it can easily wait."

"Yes," said Violet, absently.

She was thinking of other than the captain's words, and his voice—smooth, silky and musical—fell on her ears like the plash, plash of a distant waterfall to a weary, heartick traveller.

But his next words roused her.

"And it has occurred to me," he continued, in a graver tone, "that if you intend opening the deserted study, it would be as well to have the lawyer with us."

Violet paled, and the agitation which always came over her when her father's death or the study was alluded to showed itself.

"Why?" she said.

"Well," said the captain, softly, "only because it is usual. There may be valuables—or papers."

"I see," she breathed. "It shall be so. I will write—"

"Or allow me," said the captain, "we will fix a day; and Mr. Thaxton shall come down."

"Yes," said Violet, "soon. I meant to have the room opened to-day, but I will wait if you think it better."

"Oh, yes, I think it better to have the lawyer with us," said the captain, "and I will write to him."

So the captain wrote that evening to Mr. Thaxton, requesting him to be kind enough to come down to Midmay Park as soon as he could conveniently do so, as Miss Midmay wished to see him on a matter of business.

When he had posted the letter, which he did with his own hands, he muttered:

"A day for delivery, a day for the usual lawyer's delay, and a day for the journey. I have three clear nights. Shall I carry out my little scheme to-night?"

He determined to do so.

All the evening he was as good-tempered and as amusing as usual, and there was not a shadow upon his face when he wished the unsuspecting women good night, though already in anticipation he was tasting the horror of an ordeal which he had determined to go through.

As usual, he waited until all was quiet, then he lit his cigar and with an outwardly calm bearing smoked it and enjoyed it.

When it was finished and after another term of listening, he took a cloak and muffled himself up.

It was an old-fashioned riding-cloak, and he could pull it over his head and face and still leave a greater part of his legs covered.

In the pocket he slipped the dark lantern.

Then from his bureau he took his revolver and a short, deadly life-preserver, the thong of which he tied round his wrist.

Thus armed, he smiled with a serene feeling of security, and, as an additional filip to his courage, he tossed off a glass of brandy.

It was his intention to leave the house, and here a question arose for him which was the better means of egress.

He decided upon that which he had used formerly, and with practised dexterity he fastened his rope, leaped on the sill and rapidly descended.

The night was nearly dark, masses of summer cloud flitting across the sky and obscuring the stars at intervals.

It was a night to fit his purpose, and once again the proud vaunt rose to his lips, as he stood on firm ground, one hand on the dangling rope by which he had descended, and his head turned towards the sky:

"Luck is with me!"

Yet, notwithstanding his sanguine nature he did not neglect to take all precautions.

He hid the rope as well as he could amongst the ivy, and before he took a step he examined his revolver.

It was loaded in every barrel, and at cock.

Slowly and with noiseless steps, he made his way close under the wall to the ruins.

Before entering them he stood, or crouched, against one of the massive arches and listened.

There was no sound save the screech of the owl and the rip, rip of the waves against the cliffs.

Cautiously, and looking round him with vigilant eyes, he entered the dark cloisters; and, feeling his way, crept on tip-toe to the trunk on which Leicester had surprised him three mornings since.

Here he rested, until his eyes had become used to

the darkness, and he could distinguish the broken fragments of stone which marked the outlines of the chapel.

In a few moments he was groping on again, and at last reached what seemed to be his destination, a doorway protected from observation by a pillar, up which had grown a thick mass of ivy.

From that point he commanded a view of the whole of the chapel and of the window of the deserted room.

With a slight sigh of satisfaction he seated himself upon a stone and, revolver in hand, waited and watched.

For whom was he, in the dead of night, and in such a weird, ghostly place, watching and waiting? An hour passed on.

Midnight struck from the belfry of the little church in the dale.

Another-half hour slid silently by.

The intense quiet and darkness of the place were enough to daunt the courage of the bravest.

But Captain Howard Murpoint sat still as the very stone which bore him, waiting and watching.

Who shall say what dark, what dreadful thoughts, plots, schemes, ambitions were chasing each other through his cunning, restless brain?

Who shall say what images of the past arose from the broken tombs to lament, to mourn, to reproach him?

He was there for no good purpose, amid the silent dead, and the spirit of the place must have fallen on him.

Could he have seen his face at that moment he would have been appalled by its ashy paleness, by its villainous expression.

He was at war against nature, and the battle was telling upon him.

How long he could have withstood the influence of that dreadful place and time it is impossible to say, but as the clock chimed the quarter to one his nerves, strung to their farthest, received a shock which dispelled all memories of the past, all hopes and guilty ambitions for the future.

Before him in the darkness and up in the deserted room was the blue light, dimly burning.

A shudder crept through his frame.

His hand grasped the revolver, his gaze was chained to that window.

The light grew more intense, slowly was transformed as he had seen it before, and there, plain and distinct, at the window stood the horrible, fearful White Nun!

His teeth set fast, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets.

He could feel that the blood had forsaken his cheeks and his lips. If he had desired to fly the accursed spot his frozen limbs would have refused to carry him.

He stood like stone, staring and waiting.

For a while the figure remained motionless at the window, then it turned, and he knew instinctively that it was coming in the direction of the oriel window.

If so it would in a few minutes be above him. He waited, and his eyes turned to the window.

The time seemed to spin out to ages, but at last the dim light broke out in the stonework, as it seemed, and grew gradually more distinct.

Then, as before, the figure seemed to grow out of the light, and to his horror it passed noiselessly along the narrow, broken, crumbling ledge behind the oriel window.

What doubts of the supernatural origin of the strange being which he had entertained seemed now unreasonable.

His knees shook under him, the hand which still grasped the revolver was cold and hard as stone.

But his eyes were still chained to the dread thing, and his heart leapt like a frightened animal as he saw the figure rise from the ledge into the air, and then, when it had reached the ruined roof, slowly and surely descend to the ground.

For a moment he lost consciousness, the next, by a strong effort, he regained something of his old dare-devil courage, and he bit his lip to keep himself awake as the horrible figure approached with floating motion towards him.

Its face was turned from him as it came, but a bird flew out of the ivy with a wild shriek of terror, and the skull face and gleaming eyes followed the bird's flight.

More horrible still, it welcomed it with a dry, hollow laugh, which chilled the watcher to the immortal soul.

Slowly it neared where he stood.

It was opposite.

Then it turned its head, and at that moment, calling up all the courage which he possessed, the captain sprang, with a hoarse, guttural shriek in his dry, hot throat, upon the figure.

Instantly the light disappeared.

He felt to his astonishment, even in his terror, his hands grasp something firm, and then he knew that the ghost's bony hands were round his neck.

But the reckless courage born from very despair filled him, and he exerted his tremendous strength as if he was using it against a human being.

He clasped the figure in his muscular arms and threw his whole weight upon it, forcing it gradually but surely to the tomb.

Inch by inch, the figure gave way; the tomb was reached, the captain with a cry of mad excitement forced it backward upon the stone, then raised his life-preserver and aimed a deadly blow at the skull face.

Then there arose a shout of warning and an oath from the white, skinless lips, and a man's voice came through them hoarsely and panting:

"Hold hard, I give in!"

The captain staggered back with petrifying astonishment.

The next moment he had hurled the figure to the ground, had planted his knees upon its chest, and, levelling his revolver at its head, bellowed out:

"Move an inch, speak a word, and I will shoot you like a dog!"

Then with the other hand he tore off the skull mask, flung it aside and glared down with a smile of triumphant malice upon the weather-beaten face of Willie Sanderson?

(To be continued.)

HUNTED FOR HER MONEY.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SIR LIONEL CHARLTON, in the ardour of his passionate love for Beatrix, and in the gloom of their speedy separation after their betrothal, had expressed a misgiving in regard to the girl's future. A sudden gloom, an inexplicable foreboding, swift and dark as a moving shadow, had swept over his spirit and had vanished. But no warning of the danger menacing her obscured the new-found happiness of Beatrix for a single instant.

The night that followed Sir Lionel's brief visit to her was radiant with happy thoughts and dreams. The next morning Beatrix came down to breakfast, her dusk-gray eyes softly luminous, her pure and noble face softly flushed, her beauty and loveliness having a sweeter, tenderer character than usual. Miss McTavish regarded her with admiration, and sighed, perhaps with a retrospective thought of her own lost youth.

They sat down together at the small round table in the pretty dining-room. Miss McTavish talked of Sir Lionel, of Lady Folliott, and of Beatrix's prospects in the frequent absence of the serving-woman, and during the attendant's presence was equally garrulous upon the subject of the garden, the flowers, her fancy-work, and similar trifles, which yet made up the sum and substance of the lonely spinster's daily life.

After breakfast, when Miss McTavish had washed her old-fashioned pink china and her ancient silver service with her own hands, Beatrix assisting her, and had placed them carefully in the little three-cornered cupboard, with its glass door, in the dining-room, the pair went out into the garden, strolling down the grassy path, as was their morning custom.

"I have green gooseberry jam to make this morning, in the cool of the day, you know," said Miss McTavish, reflectively. "I will trust no one but myself to manufacture my sweetmeats. Then I shall weed my flowers. They begin to need attention. This afternoon I shall finish my point-lace antimacassar. I intended that as a gift for Lady Folliott, but I can make her another, and I should like to give this to you, my dear, for a bridal present. But I lack some point-lace braid. Beatrix, my dear, you are so fond of the open air, would you kindly allow Sanders to drive you to Durham in the pony-chaise, and will you match my braid?"

"Certainly," assented Beatrix. "I shall be glad to go."

"You are so obliging always, my dear," said the old lady, in a chirruping way. "If you will also exchange my book at the circulating library, I shall be indebted to you. It is after nine o'clock, I'll order the pony-chaise immediately."

She hastened to do so.

Beatrix retired to her own room, and exchanged her pretty white morning dress, with its ruffles and frills, for a black silk walking-costume. A black straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and white daisies, black gloves, and a blue veil, completed her attire.

She put her purse in her pocket, for she had a few purchases to make for herself, gave a last glance about the small, chintz-draped chamber, and ran lightly down the stairs.

The pony-chaise was waiting, and Sanders the

general factotum of the modest little establishment, gardener, gate-keeper, footman, and coachman, was in waiting, clad in faded livery, but carrying himself as became a retainer of the ancient family of McTavish. He helped Beatrix into the chaise, handed her the reins, and mounted to his seat behind her, where he sat with folded arms, as straight and immovable as a graven image.

Miss McTavish, who was devotedly fond of reading, had given an order for a particular and special work, in three volumes, and nearly half an hour was consumed in finding it and in executing other commissions at the same establishment.

The point-lace was difficult to match, and required considerable shopping. Beatrix drove from place to place, but finally succeeded in obtaining what was required.

The shopwoman at the ladies' repository at which Beatrix's purchase was made proceeded to do up the small parcel with considerable painstaking. Beatrix moved to the door and looked out upon the busy street.

People were moving past upon the pavements; cabs and other vehicles were hurrying over the roads. She watched them idly. But suddenly she grew pale as death and drew back from the door, catching her breath after the manner of a drowning person.

She had beheld in a slowly passing cab the faces of Colonel Brand and Bandal Brand!

She could not be mistaken. The glass in the cab window was lowered, and Colonel Brand had protruded his head through the opening thus afforded, and was hailing his cabman in an angry voice.

The Brands had not seen her. That she knew at once. She watched her false guardian with a fascinated gaze. Apparently satisfied with the response of the cabman, Colonel Brand withdrew his head into the vehicle, and Mrs. Brand was seen leaning forward and looking from the open window. They had come in force. They were all hers. They had tracked their hapless quarry to her refuge!

Beatrix turned cold and faint all in an instant. The instinct of flight came upon her with almost irresistible strength. She was tempted to rush out into the streets, to hasten to the station, and set out again upon her journeyings, but for the moment her physical weakness held her powerless.

But she had learnt self-control in a hard and bitter school. Her experiences at the Chateau Valbeck in Belgium, at the quaint old Flemish inn at Antwerp, at the Hotel de Flamande at Brussels, at the lodging-house in London, at Folliot Court, and afterward, had not been without stern and useful fruit.

She remembered having seen a portmanteau upon the cab.

"In an hour or two I can surely effect my escape," she thought, "I have to deal with human bloodhounds. I must be 'wise as a serpent.' Now what am I to do?"

Her parcel was ready for her. She approached the counter, still startlingly pale, but calm and self-possessed, and asked for a sheet of paper and an envelope. They were furnished her. Withdrawing to a corner, she dashed off a note in the most hurried manner, addressing Miss McTavish, and informing her that the Brands had tracked her out, that she dared not return to Bruce Cottage, and begging Miss McTavish to detain them as long as possible from pursuit.

The shopwoman found a trustworthy messenger for her, and she gave the letter into his possession, adjuring him to proceed with all speed to Bruce Cottage and deliver the letter into Miss McTavish's own hands. A half-sovereign ensured her messenger's best speed and fidelity, and he set out upon his errand at a run.

Beatrix went out to her pony-chaise quietly and took her seat. Sanders ascended to his. Beatrix drew her veil over her face and drove quietly onward out of the town, gaining a pleasant country road to the northward of Durham.

"This is not the way home, miss," said Sanders, respectfully.

"I know it isn't, Sanders," replied the young lady, quietly. "To what place does this road lead?"

"Why to North Abbey, ten miles away, but there are hamlets between, miss."

"Is North Abbey a railway station?"

Sanders replied in the affirmative.

"Then I'll drive there," said Beatrix. "Sanders, you are a trusted old family servant, and Miss McTavish has told you something of my history and bidden you to be on your guard against any strangers who might come to the cottage. The evil she feared has fallen. My enemies are in Durham!"

"Heaven save us, miss—"

"They have tracked me out," said Beatrix, calmly. "Nothing remains to me but flight. I escaped them before; I can escape them again. No doubt they will watch the Durham railway stations. One of the Brands will be on guard, with an assistant, doubtless,

while the others go to Bruce Cottage. I shall be at North Abbey, if all go well, before they arrive at the cottage. I have put Miss McTavish on her guard, and I think she can hold them from pursuit for two or three hours at least. By that time I can have attained comparative safety."

"What a special Providence it was that you happened to see them this morning!" cried Sanders, piously. "Heaven watches over its ain, miss; you can see that. And now ye're going to yer ain friends, eh, miss?"

"I do not know where I shall go. That will all come afterwards. All I can think of now is to get away beyond their reach. I know that I can trust you, Sanders, Miss McTavish has told me long stories of your fidelity and devotion to her."

"You can trust me, miss. I would die before yer enemies should get a word of information out of my mouth!" cried Sanders, earnestly. "Touch up the cob, miss. He's got the go in him. Let me lay on the whip. We'll catch the up express train from North Abbey as sure as we're living."

Sanders seized the whip and "touched up" the cob, which gave a bound forward and developed a capacity for rapid movement which, considering his stocky form, was simply astonishing. The road was good. The chaise was wheeled onwards briskly, and Beatrix, calm and hopeful, held the reins with steady hands.

They arrived at North Abbey in about an hour and a half after leaving Durham.

The noon express was on the point of departure. Beatrix had only time to slip a few gold pieces into Sanders' hands, to bid him a hasty good-bye and enter a first-class compartment of a railway carriage before the shrill whistle sounded. She leaned back in her seat, noting that she had the compartment all to herself.

The train began to move, and Beatrix put her face to the open window just in time to see Sanders, who was running up, breathless, flushed and apoplectic-looking, and extending to her in one hand a railway ticket, which Beatrix had not purchased, believing that there was not time enough to do so.

She took the pasteboard from his hand, expressed her thanks, waved him an adieu, and the train moved on, bearing her to the northward.

She had not even known whether the train was bound. Her ticket was for South Shields, she discovered upon examination.

The journey was not a long one, and was performed in safety, without event.

Alighting at her destination, she procured a cab and drove to a quiet little inn. Here she obtained a Bradshaw's guide and studied it attentively.

Armed with the information it afforded her, she went out into the streets, made her way to the river and crossed the steam ferry to North Shields, keeping her face carefully veiled.

At North Shields she found her way down to the docks. There were many vessels to be seen, most of them rough and black and dingy looking, even to the sails, colliers for the most part; and Beatrix turned her eyes from them, seeking something entirely different.

Mrs. Talcut's plan of procedure, after they had quitted Folliot Court, and the success that had attended it, had impressed upon Beatrix the necessity of exercising the utmost caution and guardedness.

She dared not remain at North or South Shields, or even at Newcastle. She dared not proceed thence by rail, lest her enemies should trace her out. A steamer seemed to her to afford the best chance of escape, and she sought for one, not caring what might be its destination.

A screw steamer from Newcastle laden with coals lay out in the stream, sending off steam in short, impatient puffs. She looked clean and wholesome. A few women and men, evidently passengers, were on her decks. Beatrix looked at them wistfully.

While she looked, the steamer sent a boat ashore, and Beatrix noticed a little group of people standing near her, who were evidently expecting to enter it.

She ventured to approach one of these persons, a poor, careworn-looking woman with a baby in her arms, and asked her if she were intending to take passage on the steamer.

"Ay," replied the woman. "It is cheaper than the rail. The collier-steamers are not so dirty as you'd think."

"And where are you going?" asked Beatrix.

"To Lunnun, miss."

Beatrix remembered having heard that a great town is a more perfect wilderness to hide in than any other place on earth. Would she not be safe in London? Of course, she could not return to Mrs. Pionet's, since Colonel Brand might look for her there; but in all the vast metropolis she could surely find some safe and pleasant lodging, from which she might write to Sir Lionel Charlton, and to which he could come for her.

The boat came up to the landing, and, when the group of waiting people had entered it, Beatrix followed them in silence, and was taken with them out to the vessel.

The accommodations offered her were not of the best, but she had no thoughts for discomforts. She remained on deck, keeping near to the little faded woman to whom she had spoken. The passengers had brought their own provisions, but Beatrix was not provided with stores of any description.

Upon inquiry, she discovered that she could obtain a frugal supply on board, and accordingly bought and paid for some ship-biscuit, which constituted her entire provision for the voyage.

Before the night fell the steamer had passed Tynemouth, and was well out at sea.

That night Beatrix spent upon the deck, in the soft starlight and fresh air, being unable to go below to her crowded quarters and narrow berth. She slept a little, and awoke in the morning considerably refreshed and strengthened.

The next day was dull and monotonous. The ceaseless grinding sound of the great iron screw, the misery of her poor fellow-passengers, and her own desperate straits, made the day a hard one to poor Beatrix.

Yet they did not arrive in London until the afternoon of the day after.

Upon landing, Beatrix found herself at a coal wharf. No cabs were to be seen. A sixpence bestowed upon a barefooted boy who was lounging upon the wharf sent him in search of one. The girl's fellow-passengers straggled ashore on foot. She waited for the cab, and, when it arrived, ordered the cabman to take her to the Waterloo railway-station.

Upon arriving at her destination Beatrix dismissed him, and, when he had vanished, took another cab to Euston Square.

Here, in the eating-room of the station, she procured a cup of coffee and a tolerable supper.

She had formed a plan with great deliberation during her long voyage from Tynemouth to London. She had resolved not to remain in town, where her unprotected situation would attract attention to her. The Brands would be in London, and she would be afraid to venture into the streets lest they should find her.

She had still in her possession the letter of introduction to Mr. Trevor, of Penmawr, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, which had been given her by Mrs. Trevor, the lady whom she had befriended in Brussels, and who had in turn rendered her such signal service.

She resolved to present that letter in person. No one would look for her in Wales.

She procured a ticket for Chester, and took the night train for that place.

She found a fly—a rickety old vehicle, drawn by two stout Welsh ponies—and engaged it for her use. Its driver informed her, in reply to her questions, that Penmawr was ten or twelve miles distant, over the Berwyn Mountains; that the roads were rugged and difficult; but that he thought he could take her to her destination before daylight.

It was thus that Beatrix set out upon the last stage of her hard and eventful journey.

"What reception shall I meet with from these strangers?" she asked herself, with bitter forebodings, as she left the town of Bala behind her. "It is weeks, months, since Mrs. Trevor gave me that letter. Perhaps my delay in presenting it may prejudice them against me. Perhaps they are no longer at Penmawr. My future looks gloomy. As to the past, have I covered my steps well during this last flight? Will my enemies trace me out again, with their superhuman cunning? Are they at this moment following swiftly upon my track?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was the night and the hour appointed for the meeting between Caspar Voe and the guilty woman who was known at Folliot Court as Miss Bermingham.

The night was filled with the soft light of golden stars. The air was sweet and balmy, laden with the stolen fragrance of the gardens. At the rendezvous appointed, in the midst of the park, among the shadows that here held their court of gloom, Caspar Voe walked to and fro impatiently, a black scowl upon his scarred forehead, his single eye glowing like a coal, an expression of the keenest vigilance upon his hideous features.

"Why don't she come?" he said to himself, in a tone of annoyance. "How dare she keep me waiting? When one's neck is in danger one should be prompt to propitiate him who holds the hangman's rope in his hands!"

He listened, pausing, and peering through the darkness under the densely leaved trees.

"Still no sign of her approach!" he muttered, nervous.

sently. "Can she mean to show me that she is not alarmed? Can she mean to defy me? Can she mean treachery?"

With an instinctive movement, he thrust one hand into his breast, clutching a revolver which he had hidden there. Knowing so well the woman with whom he had to deal, he had come to the interview duly armed and prepared for treachery.

He was about to resume his walk when he beheld a shadow flitting along the dim aisle under the trees and approaching him swiftly from the direction of the court.

Retreating a few steps, he concealed himself behind the trunk of a great oak tree and waited.

The figure came nearer and nearer, and at length emerged into the open glade, in the centre of which was the great fountain. Here the figure paused uncertainly. It was completely shrouded in a black waterproof cloak, the hood drawn closely over its head, and its identity could scarcely be determined in the dimness.

But Caspar Voe knew as well as he knew himself the soft, half-frightened voice which now called his name in a quick, low tone, and he came forth from his concealment, answering:

"Here I am, Lillias. Why are you so late?"

The girl moved nearer to him, as if frightened at the darkness and loneliness of the scene. Her hood, which she had held together with one hand under her chin, fell back, revealing the curls and waves of her high-coiffed blonde hair. A stray gleam of starlight rested on her pretty pink and white face, and showed her black eyes, usually so downcast, now uplifted with a wild appealing in their depths, and a tremulous quiver about the red mouth with its grieving childish lips.

Standing thus, with the pale gleam of light falling upon her face, she made a picture that might have touched the hardest heart.

But it did not touch the heart of Caspar Voe. He only laughed mockingly and with a savage sort of sneer.

"You play that well, Lillias," he said, coolly. "You always did the ingenious business well. You were a born actress, and I wonder that you didn't make more of a mark upon the stage. But I have been behind the scenes too much to admire this sort of thing. I really think I prefer to see you in your real character—the wicked, unscrupulous, revengeful and bad woman, because in that you are genuine. So lay aside this pussy-cat purring, Lillias. I mean business!"

A hard look passed over the woman's face as she answered, calmly, and in a tone devoid of those pretty affectations that had seemed to belong to her as second nature:

"And so I mean business! Did you come here alone, Caspar Voe?" and she peered around her inquisitively. "If you have brought an officer, or a spy to overhear us, I shall go at once!"

"You are so treacherous yourself that you suspect every one else of treachery," declared Voe, "I have brought no officer or spy. I came alone."

The woman knew from his tones that he told the truth.

"Did—did you tell any one where you were coming?" she asked, as if nervously. "Have you in any way betrayed to any one whom you were to meet to-night, or that you had an appointment with any one?"

"I did not. The people at the inn believe that I am in my own room, abed and asleep. I left my room by the window, climbing out over a shed and sliding to the ground. I have kept our appointment a profound secret, as I agreed to."

And again the woman knew that he told the truth. A sudden gleam, as of a newly kindled spark, appeared in her black eyes.

The man noticed it, and continued, carelessly: "As I said, no one at the inn knows anything about my business. I came out secretly and by stealth. But I knew with whom I had to deal, and I came prepared to defend myself. Look at that!"

He drew out his revolver and exhibited it to her. She sprang back with a little cry of affected terror.

"Oh, Caspar," she cried, "do you doubt me like that? Do you think me capable of doing you harm?"

"Why shouldn't I think so? You attacked me once and left me for dead! Why should you not be capable of doing me harm when you killed your own little innocent, sleeping child?"

"Oh, don't, don't!" cried the woman, putting her hand over her eyes, as if to shut out a horrible vision. "I was mad then! I was mad! Why else should I have destroyed him? You drove me to it, Caspar. Your drunkenness and idleness drove me out of my senses!"

"Oh, yes, 'the man tempted me,'" sneered Voe. "Other women have idle and drunken husbands, but

they don't kill their innocent children nor stab their husbands in their sleep! The trouble was as much in you as in me. You were a false, bad wife, fond of dress and luxury and admiration, and the child and I stood in your way. But for that burst of fury that night you would have quietly poisoned us both, instead of stabbing us. The bowl would have befitted your character better than the knife, although, my pretty tiger-cat, you can give a blow promptly enough when you choose."

"Heap reproaches and sneers upon me, Caspar!" said the woman, with assumed meekness. "I deserve all you can say."

"And a great deal more," said Voe, coolly. "You are a keen one, Lillias. You have done well for yourself, I must say. The cuckoo is in the dove's nest and passes for the dove. Your actress education stands you in good stead here. But tell me—did you kill Miss Barmyngum?"

"Did I not tell you that she died of heart disease? She died a natural death—"

"Permit me to doubt it. You gave her some subtle poison, perhaps. Her death was too opportune to be an accident. And how readily you slipped into her place and forced your own assumed identity upon her dead body. You must have stripped her corpse of its money and jewels, unless you robbed her while she was yet living."

"I tell you I never harmed her. I never had a thought of harming her. But when she died there in the carriage so suddenly and awfully, right before my eyes, what could I do other than I did? If I had declared who she really was, I might have brought suspicion upon myself. In the quickness of a flash I saw that I might slip into her place and be lost to my enemies. I supposed they would make inquiries at the London station if any one suspected me of being Agatha Walden; and, finding Agatha Walden dead, I supposed all pursuit would stop there."

"And so it might, but that I obtained the address of Miss Barmyngum of her former servant in Calcutta, and did not pause to make any inquiries in London, but came on directly to Follitt Court. Has no one ever suspected that you may be an impostor?"

"No one. How should they suspect it? Miss Barmyngum went out to India in her early childhood. She was kept in the nursery while on her brief visit here long ago, and all that any one remembered of her was that she was blonde."

"And you are blonde. But about the eyes? Yours are hard and black. What were hers?"

It suited the false Miss Barmyngum to lead Caspar Voe into conversation.

She had a terrible purpose in view, and wanted time to screw up her courage to the "sticking point."

The longer she could put off the moment of action the better for her. She hoped to throw her enemy off his guard and to take advantage of his possible momentary self-forgetfulness. Therefore she answered:

"Her eyes were pale blue, those light eyes that have no brightness nor beauty. She was an insignificant-looking creature, and Lady Follitt would never have had any pride in her. I make a much better Miss Barmyngum than she did!"

"As vain as ever, I see," said Caspar Voe, smiling sneeringly. "But I don't see how Lady Follitt can accept black eyes in place of blue."

"I take care that she don't see mine. And a downcast look is so shy and modest that it is considered a beauty in me. And then, fortunately, Miss Barmyngum's mother had dark eyes, so that Lady Follitt does not perplex herself upon the subject. She was a little surprised at first—she owned it—to find that my eyes were not blue, but I easily dissipated her surprise."

"But have you no difficulty with your maid? She must know that your hair is dyed?"

"I think she does not know it. She is near-sighted. If she knew it, she wouldn't dare tell. I know things about her that won't bear raking up. She is wanted in Paris, you see, and she is only too thankful for a safe refuge in a secluded country-house."

"You are cleverer even than I fancied, Lillias," said Voe, admiringly. "Pity you have the heart of a demon. You might have made something of yourself, Lillias—"

"Don't preach to me," interrupted the traitress, imperiously. "I won't listen to it. Your own life has not been so much better than mine—"

"But I never committed murder!"

The woman was silent, but her eyes burned like wreckers' fires, and a dangerous look appeared on her painted face.

"I had hard work enough to get out to-night," she said, after a pause, in an altered voice. "Lady Follitt stayed later than usual in the drawing-room, and I thought that I should never be rid of her. I had to change my dress afterwards, and slip out

through the conservatory, the other doors being locked. It's all a risk, you see. If I should be seen to enter the house at this hour, what would Lady Follitt think? So, as I have so many extra anxieties of my own, Caspar, we will cut our interview short. Hark! Is not that some one coming?"

They listened, but Voe declared that he heard nothing.

The actress's start and exclamation were a bit of acting. They were well done, for they deceived her enemy. In truth, she heard no sound, and did not fancy that she heard any.

"I am sure that some one is approaching," she said, with pretended nervousness, looking around her and shrinking a little nearer to him. "What if I have been watched? followed? I feel as if eyes were peering upon us from the gloom around us. I am afraid. Let us go farther into the park. It may be only a keeper who is out late, but I must not be seen here!"

She drew her hood over her head and moved away. Voe followed her.

"We will not go so far," he said. "I don't believe any one is coming."

"You are sure that it is not some one who has followed you from the inn?"

"Perfectly sure. How could any one follow me when no one knows that I have left my room?"

"Yes, I forgot. I am not myself to-night. This meeting with you has made me strangely nervous. I can't help but think some one is watching us; and yet I came out as secretly as you. Besides, who should watch me? No one suspects that I am not what I seem—no one on earth but you! That is," she added, artfully, "unless you have told some one of your suspicions concerning me!"

"I have told no one. No one on earth besides myself suspects that Miss Barmyngum, of Follitt Court, is Lillias Voe, the murderess."

"No one?" said the woman, trying to hide her eagerness. "No one?"

"No one!"

"And no one shares your suspicions concerning the identity of Lillias Voe with Agatha Walden?"

cried the woman, her eyes sparkling.

"I did not say that. Do you remember my cousin, Gordon Hyslop?"

"Remember him? Your boon companion, a card-sharer, a man who lives by his wits, and who was always wanting to borrow money, even of me—remember him? I should think I did!"

"He came to England with me. His mother sent him money to fetch him home. I told him of my suspicions about Agatha Walden, but I told no one else. I could trust Gordon. By Heaven! he hates you, Lillias. You treated him badly enough, shutting your door on him, you know, and refusing to recognize him."

"And he only knows your suspicions regarding Agatha Walden? Nothing more?"

"Nothing more."

The woman pushed forward in silence.

"Do you know, Lillias, that I should be half inclined to fear you if you were not so small and frail-looking?" said Voe, after a little, with a hoarse laugh. "You have got determination enough to fill a bigger and stronger body. You can attack drunken, helpless men or sleeping babies, but badly as you hate and fear me you know now that I am your master. But why do you go so far? I won't stir a step farther."

He halted abruptly, and the woman came also to a standstill.

They were in a lonely part of the park, in the midst of thick underbrush, and under a dense mass of foliage. Trees were all about them, growing thickly.

Only a few rays of starlight penetrated through the rifts among the branches, and fell upon them and the green turf at their feet.

"We are safe enough here. No one has followed us," said Voe. "A guilty conscience makes its owner timid as a hare; but you were always a coward, Lillias. Let us come to business. Have you got the money and jewels?"

"The money? You have little idea of money if you think I can carry ten thousand pounds in gold about my person," replied the woman. "That sum would weigh two or three hundred pounds avoirdupois. I brought the ten thousand pounds, however, in Bank of England notes. My messenger arrived with them from London to-day."

"Bank-notes! I hate bank-notes in such a case. The numbers are all taken down; they are easily traced—"

"Well, what of that, if you don't mean to betray me?" demanded the woman.

But this was precisely what Caspar Voe intended to do. He meant to secure his hush-money, and then give her up to the law. As she would be proved to be Lillias Voe, and not Miss Barmyngum,

she would have no right to pay away Miss Bermyngham's money. Her agent would testify to the numbers of the bank-notes, and he would be compelled to refund them. They were likely to make him trouble. Yet he decided to take them and hide them away carefully, with a view to possible future use.

"Bank-notes are ticklish property, unless you can prove how you came by them," he said, aloud. "But give them to me!"

The woman produced a large packet which she placed in his hands.

He saw that it was sealed and stamped and marked. He tore open one end of it, and saw that it contained Bank of England notes.

"I haven't opened it," said the woman. "The agent said the notes were all of large denomination. He supposed that I was about to purchase some landed property—"

"Never mind what he supposed. Where are the jewels?" Miss Bermyngham, being such a great heiress and living nearly all her life in India, must have had some splendid jewels. Where are they?"

"Here!" and the actress exhibited a Russia leather hand-bag which she had secured to her belt. "I took them out of their cases and dropped them all in here. See! They are worth four times as much as the bank-notes!"

"Forty thousand pounds! Let me see them!"

Voe snatched the bag and pulled it open, thrusting in one hand and holding up a portion of the jewels to the faint starlight. There were necklaces, bracelets, brooches and ear-drops, besides sigrettes and rings and other ornaments, and there were big pellucid diamonds like drops of fire, pigeons' blood rubies, sapphires, topazes, yellow as if solidified sunshine, and great green emeralds of cool lustre and remarkable beauty.

The dim light was insufficient. Voe struck a fusee and contemplated his splendid prize with glowing eyes.

"These glittering baubles could be sold, gem by gem, in any city of the world with the exterior I should put on and excite no comment from any one," thought Caspar Voe. "The money, I fancy, will prove useless to me, but here is wealth. I can live in luxury all my life. I can establish myself as a gentleman. I can buy an estate if I choose. Yes, I have done well. I'll go away and hide these trinkets. I'll give Lillias three days of fancied security. And then, the jewels safely hidden, I'll deliver her up to the officers of justice and she shall swing for her crimes!"

He was thus busy with his thoughts, his single eye riveted upon the bag full of gems, for the moment oblivious of his companion.

But she, guilty and apprehensive, reading his intentions regarding herself, knowing that her very life was threatened by this sword of Damocles, which might fall at any moment, was on the alert!

Drawing a dagger from beneath her cloak—a little jewelled dagger of Indian manufacture, which had belonged to the late Mr. Bermyngham, and which Miss Bermyngham had brought to England among her effects—she held it in the shadow, in a position to strike.

And as Caspar Voe lighted his third fusee and bent his head lower over his treasure, leaving his breast unguarded, the woman swooped forward with the quickness of a flash and plunged the dagger to the hilt in his breast.

The bag dropped from his hands, which flew to his bosom, and groped there feebly for his revolver. His single eye flamed up with a sudden and awful fire; an awful imprecation trembled on his lips. But as the woman, who had retained her hold upon the dagger, drew the weapon swiftly from its sheath within his heart, the blood gushed forth in one great jet, and he fell forward on his face.

The woman sprang backward several paces.

How still he was! How still the night was! Still? No, there were a thousand sounds. The fall of water somewhere near, the rustling of leaves, the swaying of branches, the calling of night-birds, the rustling of a hare through the undergrowth, the movement of a deer—the night was full of sounds. And she had thought it still!

She was panic-stricken, overcome with terror, trembling with cowardly fears. He did not stir? Was he dead? She forced herself to creep forward to his side. The bag of jewels was in her way. She paused to pick it up and examine it, even then. No drop of blood was upon it. She secured the bag again to her belt with a little sigh of relief, and bent over her enemy.

He lay on his face. There was a singular immovability about his figure, a growing rigidity. She exerted all her strength and turned his face upward. The one eye was wide open, and glazed, and set. The scarred and hideous visage was white and awful. The lower jaw was fallen. He was dead.

The woman put her hand above his heart. Assuring herself that it had for ever ceased to beat, she took from him the packet of bank-notes. They were unstained. She secured them about her person, ascertained that no drop of blood was upon her garments, and then picked up the dagger which she had thrown from her, and sidled away from the spot, her glances turning backwards upon the horrible object upon the greensward.

She threw the dagger as far out as possible in the little lake to which she now hastened, and waited until it had disappeared.

"Now I am safe!" she whispered to herself, hollowly. "Safe! Perfectly safe! I am rid of my enemy!"

As silently as a cat, but with a frightful burden of guilt upon her wicked soul, she crept toward the gray old mansion, starting at every sound, and looking behind her at every moment with the ghastly fancy that the spirit of her murdered enemy was at her back!

CHAPTER XXXV.

Upon the morning subsequent to the perpetration of the awful crime we have narrated in the preceding chapter Miss Bermyngham came down to breakfast a little late, but exhibiting no signs of the awful experiences of the previous night.

If her hard black eyes were haggard, the down-dropped lids concealed them. What might have been the natural colour of her face upon that morning cannot be known, for the pearl and pink enamel effectually concealed the skin beneath. She was dressed in a white breakfast robe, all puffs and frills of real old lace, with blue ribbons girdling her waist, and dotting her dress here and there, at the neck, on the sleeves and upon the skirt. A blue bow nestled amid the crimps and puffs of her red-gold hair, and blue bows ornamented the blue kid slippers encasing her small feet. She looked very fair and dainty to Lady Folliot, who kissed her with a yearning sort of tenderness, and said, affectionately:

"How fresh you look, Nerea, darling—as if you had not a care in the world!"

"And I have none—save one!" said the girl, speaking the last words as to herself. "Dear Aunt Folliot, you are so good to me. Surely, I ought to be the happiest girl in the world!"

The guilty woman, so pure and childlike in her seeming, so black at heart, without a shadow of remorse for the crime she had committed darkening her spirit, was very gay at the breakfast-table, full of chatter, far more lively and animated than usual, but she listened intently for every sound. She expected with every instant that some panic-stricken servant would rush in with the announcement of the discovery of a dead body in the park, and she was all ready to play her part in the scene that must follow.

But no such announcement was made. The quiet of the old mansion was not disturbed by the expected cries of wonder and horror. The ladies adjourned to the morning-room. Lady Folliot took up her work. The usurper moved restlessly to and fro, now touching the keys of the piano, now picking up a book, and again looking from the windows with a vague and horrible expectancy.

The morning passed without event, save that the ladies dressed and went out to drive. They passed through the village of Folliot Fens, and returned through the park. And still no alarm had been raised—the body of Caspar Voe had not yet been discovered.

Unable to maintain her apparent interest in trifling occupations, Miss Bermyngham remained in her own room throughout the afternoon. She kept her maid in close attendance upon her, affecting a headache, but she declared herself sufficiently well to make a superb toilet for dinner. She had restored her jewels, after her return from the park upon the previous night, to her jewel-cases, and had placed her packet of money in her desk. No trace remained of that fateful night-excursion, so far as her possessions were concerned.

She robed herself in a dinner-dress of white organdie, over pale blue silk, and adorned herself with a full parure of Oriental pearls, which had been among the treasures she had bestowed upon Caspar Voe. A little shudder went through her frame as she attached the milk-white spheres to her ears and wound the coils of pearls around her throat. Did those clinging strands suggest to her the pressure of the hangman's rope? A little quiver convulsed her rose-red mouth; a little trembling seized upon her eyelids; but the face, with its enamelling, was always impassive in its prettiness and fixed in its colouring, but for eyes and mouth seeming the face of a picture. It was scarcely possible to judge from her features the nature of her thoughts.

She descended to the drawing-room, finding Lady Folliot there awaiting her.

"I have news for you, Nerea!" cried the baroness, as she entered. "Guess what it is!"

Miss Bermyngham started. Had the body of her victim been discovered?

"I am not good at guessing," she forced herself to answer, with a sickly smile. "Has anything happened?"

"How strangely your voice sounds, Nerea! You must have caught cold. As you cannot guess my news, dear, I must tell you. I have had a telegram from Lion. He will be here to-night."

The girl drew a long breath of relief. The hour of the discovery of that ghastly object in the thicket of the park was still deferred then.

"To-night!" she echoed, scarcely knowing what she said.

"To-night. I have sent a carriage to Spalding to meet him. You are dressed early. We have still an hour before dinner, as I have had the dinner put back a half-hour. Lion will be here to dine with us."

Miss Bermyngham stole a glance at her reflection in an opposite mirror.

"You look very lovely, dear," said the baroness, noting her glance. "As sweet and pretty as any fairy. I think—I am quite sure—that I know to what to attribute Lionel's speedy return," and she smiled on her supposed niece. "We shall soon see, dear."

Sir Lionel Charlton's errand was scarcely what she supposed.

He arrived as expected, and Lady Folliot overwhelmed him with her delighted welcome. The impostor, in her rôle of ingénuë, was shy and stammering, confused and pleased, all at once, dropping her eyelids even lower than usual, and exhibiting a self-consciousness which could not fail to attract the attention of her hostess.

Dinner was served at the hour appointed, Sir Lionel having time for his toilet before the meal was announced.

After dinner Miss Bermyngham played upon the piano, conversed a little, and as soon as tea had been served at half-past ten withdrew to her own rooms for the night.

"Strange that the body has not been found yet," she thought, as she entered her dressing-room. "I am glad it has not been, and sorry too. I dread the discovery, yet I wish it were over. To be sure, that corner of the park is seldom visited, yet the keepers should have been there. What does Sir Lionel want?" the current of her thoughts changing abruptly. "He has not come to propose for me, as Lady Folliot fancies. There was no love for me in his eyes. Perhaps those Brands have carried off Beatrix again and he has discovered my betrayal of her and—oh, impossible! But what can he want?"

The young baronet was at that very moment unfolding his errand to his relative.

He had drawn his chair up to her own. His dark and handsome face was full of tenderness and feeling. He took one of her ladyship's hands in his own, and said, gravely:

"Aunt Folliot, can you guess why I am returned so soon?"

"Is it about Nerea?" asked Lady Folliot, coming to the point at once. "Oh, Lion, have you discovered Nerea's sweetness and purity and loveliness for yourself? Have you come to make me happy by telling me that you desire to carry out my plans?"

The young baronet's face became graver. His black eyes had a deeper shadow in them as he replied:

"Aunt Folliot, you married for love; why should you desire Nerea and me to contract a marriage of convenience?"

"Why should not your union with her be one of affection, Lion?" asked the baroness, gently.

"Because we do not love each other, Aunt Folliot," and Sir Lionel smiled.

"Why can you not love Nerea? Why are men's hearts so perverse?" sighed Lady Folliot, her hopes falling. "Is she not sweet, artless, lovely, pretty?"

Sir Lionel was silent.

"I demand an answer, Lionel," said the lady, with some severity. "Is she not all that I have said?"

"She is certainly very pretty—"

"And artless and good and lovely? Answer me, Lionel. I insist upon an answer."

"Then, at the risk of offending you, Aunt Folliot," said Sir Lionel, "I must confess that Miss Bermyngham does not seem to me to be what you describe her."

"Lionel! What do you mean? Explain yourself!"

"You force me to tell you, Aunt Folliot. Well, then, I have changed my early opinion of Miss Bermyngham. I think her artificial, instead of art-

less. She does not seem to me lovely. She is pretty, I have granted that, but dear Aunt Follott, here is not the face I would like to see at the head of my table throughout my life. Have you noticed that the colour never comes and goes on her cheeks? That she never looks one straight in the face? I do not like her little affectations. She is not well educated, despite the money and care which Uncle Miles lavished upon her education; she is incapable of actual, earnest thought; she has no actual accomplishments, such as befit a young lady of her wealth and station; she is shallow, vain, ignorant, a worshipper of dress."

A sharp pang wrung Lady Follott's heart. Her features were suddenly convulsed with a look of pain. She was an eminently just woman, and she knew that Sir Lionel had told the truth. Despite her affection for Nerea, she could not blind her eyes to the facts when they were thus set before her.

Yet she interrupted him with a quick, impatient gesture.

"Lionel," she said, "you are speaking of the nearest relative I have in the world—of my own dead sister's child—of the girl whom I have adopted into my affections as my own child. I cannot bear to hear your harsh judgment upon her. If she is not accomplished, remember that she has inherited her father's heart-disease, and that her physical weakness may have prevented application to her studies. Child as she is in many things, she has a warm, loving heart. I wish I could see her your wife, Lionel."

"That is impossible."

"You utterly refuse to comply with my wishes, then?"

"I must refuse to do violence to my own heart; I must refuse to do wrong to the heart that I have won to trust in me," said Sir Lionel, very gravely. "Aunt Follott, you have told me of your plans for adding the Follott estates to the Barmingham property. I do not want your wealth. Give it all to Nerea when you no longer have need of it—which Heaven grant may be long, long years hence—but do not take your affection from me. You have been a mother to me since my mother died. I have never missed her, Aunt Follott, having your tenderness and constant kindness, your gentle, watchful care, your motherly affection. Do not take these from me, even if in this one thing I must go counter to your wishes."

Her raised her hand to his lips.

Her face quivered and grew pale.

"My mouth of probation expired the day I left Follott Court," said Sir Lionel, after a brief pause. "Aunt Follott, I have been to Durham, I have seen Beatrix."

Still Lady Follott was silent.

"I told her of my love for her," resumed the young baronet. "She loves me also. But she has refused to marry me without your consent. Aunt Follott, will you not grant it?"

"How can I?" cried the baroness. "Oh, my poor Nerea! Lionel, must this thing be? Will you not give up Beatrix—not even for me?"

"Not even for you, my more than mother," said Sir Lionel, affectionately, but with a gentle firmness that was like a rock. "I love her with all my soul. Give her up—the sunshine that has come to glorify my life? Never—never! You could not ask it. Tell me, Aunt Follott, is not Beatrix more beautiful than Nerea?"

"Oh, yes, a thousand times!" said the baroness, readily.

"Is she not more noble of nature?"

"Yes, I grant that."

"Is she not sweeter?"

The baroness hesitated.

"She has not the insipid sweetness of Nerea," said Beatrix's lover, "but she has a rarer, better sweetness, a pure, calm and even temperament, a nature incapable of anything petty or ignoble—in short, a grand sweet nature, sound and pure to the core."

"She has all that," acknowledged the baroness.

"Is she not more accomplished than Nerea? Better educated? Has she not a greater intellect, a stronger mind? Is she not better bred? Does she not exhibit that high-breeding which distinguishes the highest classes, and which Nerea lacks?"

"I grant all this; but why do you disparage Nerea, Lionel?"

"I merely wished to show you that Beatrix is Nerea's superior a thousandfold. I wanted to show you that this fugitive girl is worthy a place in your heart—ah, she had won that for herself—and in your family. I wanted you to do full justice to Beatrix in every respect. You acknowledge her to be all that I have said. Dear Aunt Follott, will you not consent to accept her as your niece?"

"Lionel, you break my heart. I have told my plans to Nerea. Suppose—I only say, suppose—that she

has become interested in you. Your marriage might, in such case, break her heart."

"Impossible! Nerea can become interested in no one but herself. Her heart is not so tender as you think. You frighten yourself with a chimera, Aunt Follott. Nerea loves no one but herself."

Lady Follott sighed heavily. She could not betray the secret of the false Nerea's avowed love for Sir Lionel. All her womanly instincts impelled her to shield her supposed niece from the pity of even the young baronet. No, she could not tell him that the girl had said she loved him. She could not tell him of the girl's heart-disease, and implore him to marry her to preserve her life.

She had no blame for Sir Lionel for not falling into her plans. She was eminently just. She knew that if he loved Beatrix and if Beatrix returned his love his marriage to Beatrix must follow. But she blamed herself for having revealed her wishes to Miss Barmingham—blamed herself with a heroic and unreasoning anger and grief. If Nerea were to die of unrequited love, she said to herself, she—Lady Follott—she alone—was to blame!

Even in her distress she could not help but do justice to Beatrix. The girl had won her heart. She believed, in her own soul, that Beatrix was very much dearer to her than was her supposed niece, and blamed herself accordingly.

"I have been very wrong, Lionel," she said, at last, her proud face shadowed deeply. "I am sorry that you ever met Beatrix. I am sorry that you have not fallen in love with Nerea. According to the announcement I long ago made to you, my property will go to that one of you who does not decline this marriage. As it now turns out, Follott Court will go to Nerea."

"Very well, Aunt Follott, so that you give your consent to my marriage with Beatrix and give us also your kind wishes and some little portion of your affection," said Sir Lionel, cheerfully.

"Beatrix has a great fortune, Lionel. Your estate is encumbered and you will have to live on a mere pittance for the next ten years if you desire to clear your property. Have you thought that people will call you a fortune-hunter?"

"Beatrix would be the same to me if she were a beggar," he answered. "What does it matter what the gossips say?"

"You are resolved to marry her? I can say nothing to make you change your mind?"

"Nothing—nothing whatever. But we want your consent to make us happy," said Sir Lionel, in the old boyish, coaxing way she so well remembered. "Think of her, pursued by unrelenting enemies, with a year before her in which she must play hide and seek with them, and almost inevitably fall into their clutches unless this barrier of a marriage is raised up between her and them. Once she is married they become powerless! Aunt Follott, have I your consent to bring Beatrix here as my wife?"

The baroness was silent for a brief space, thinking of her supposed niece; then she said, tremulously:

"Yes, Lionel; you have my consent to your marriage. Bring Beatrix here as your wife as soon as may be. I have been wrong, but I will be wrong no longer. May Heaven bless you both, even as I bless you!"

She kissed him and embraced him, and then hurried away to her own rooms. A little later, when she had grown calmer, she made her way to the chamber of Miss Barmingham, resolved to tell her the whole truth before she slept.

She found her still up, in her dressing-room, attired in her dressing-gown.

At Lady Follott's entrance Miss Barmingham dismissed her maid, and the two were left to themselves.

Miss Barmingham saw that the baroness had been weeping—that something had happened.

"What is the matter?" she asked, in a startled voice. "I did not hear anything—"

Lady Follott, with great tenderness and gentleness, told the girl the story she had come to tell. Miss Barmingham heard it with bitterness and anger, but without any display of her supposed malady, and without any actual grief, as the baroness saw with surprise.

"I must say that Sir Lionel has had taste to prefer Beatrix to me," said she, confident in her own mind that by this time her hated rival was safe within the power and keeping of her enemies, and that her own cause was by no means lost. "Don't trouble about me, Aunt Follott. It will all come out right yet, and if it don't I'll marry a peer, so if I don't. After all, why should I throw myself away on a boggary commoner when I might marry a peer? We'll spend next season in town, and then you'll find out whether your little Nerea is attractive or not to others."

Lady Follott returned to her chambers greatly relieved, but as greatly perplexed.

The next morning Miss Barmingham went down to the breakfast-room at the usual hour, resolved to treat Sir Lionel as if nothing nothing had occurred, but she discovered that he had left Follott Court at daybreak to catch the morning train from Spalding, being all eagerness to return to Durham and Beatrix.

Lady Follott looked at the girl narrowly, but saw no sign of her having passed a sleepless night. On the contrary, she looked unusually fresh and charming. In the greater horror occupying her thoughts the girl had little thought for Sir Lionel, but even that greater horror had not kept her sleepless.

After breakfast, as usual they went to the morning-room. Lady Follott took up a newly-arrived newspaper. Miss Barmingham walked to and fro in an idle, desultory fashion, her heart consumed with its own evil passions.

Suddenly a great cry sounded from without. The baroness dropped her paper in alarm. The girl stood still, with wide-open staring eyes and hands uplifted as if to ward off a blow.

"What is it?" asked the baroness.

The answer came unexpectedly from the lips of the land steward, who came rushing in, white and scared, exclaiming:

"My lady, there's been a dead body found in the park! The body of a man who has been murdered!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TREVOR FARM, in Montgomeryshire, North Wales, was in the very shadow of the Borwyn mountains, and comprised some three hundred acres of hill and dale, fields and pastures, all under the highest state of cultivation possible to the somewhat stony soil.

The house was a long, quaint, old-fashioned farmhouse, with mullioned windows set with diamond panes, a deep stone porch, with a seat on either side of it, a gable roof, and picturesque chimney-stacks. A bow-window or two, narrow and sharply-outlined, shaped like a letter V, projected into the velvet lawn from one side of the house. Upon the other side, under immensely wide, mullioned casement windows, were rows of straw bee-hives, all densely populated.

The rooms in the Trevor farmhouse were long and low, with nooks and recesses in unexpected corners. They possessed immense old-fashioned fireplaces, with fire-dogs of polished brass, high wooden mantel-pieces, furniture of ancient date and by-gone fashion, yet well-preserved. It was a home of fifty years ago, with little of modern luxury and appliances, a home to which penetrated little of the bustle and turmoil of the great world, a home where one might live indeed, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Upon one side of the house—that which contained the drawing-room—was a wide green lawn, shaded by ancient trees.

Upon the opposite side of the hall was the dining-room, under whose windows were the bee-hives. Upon this side was an old-fashioned garden, full of sweet-williams, fragrant pinks, hollyhocks, sunflowers, tiger-lilies, with beds of heart's-ease, forget-me-nots, and heliotrope, a bright and sunny garden where the bees hummed all day long and hosts of birds made music as they flitted in and out of their lofty bird-houses.

Mr. Trevor was the representative of a fine old Welsh family that had dwelt in this old stone house upon the mountain-side for many generations. By nature he was a hearty, bluff, warm-hearted gentleman, given to hospitality, but for some months he had been a victim to chronic rheumatism and could barely move about the house on crutches.

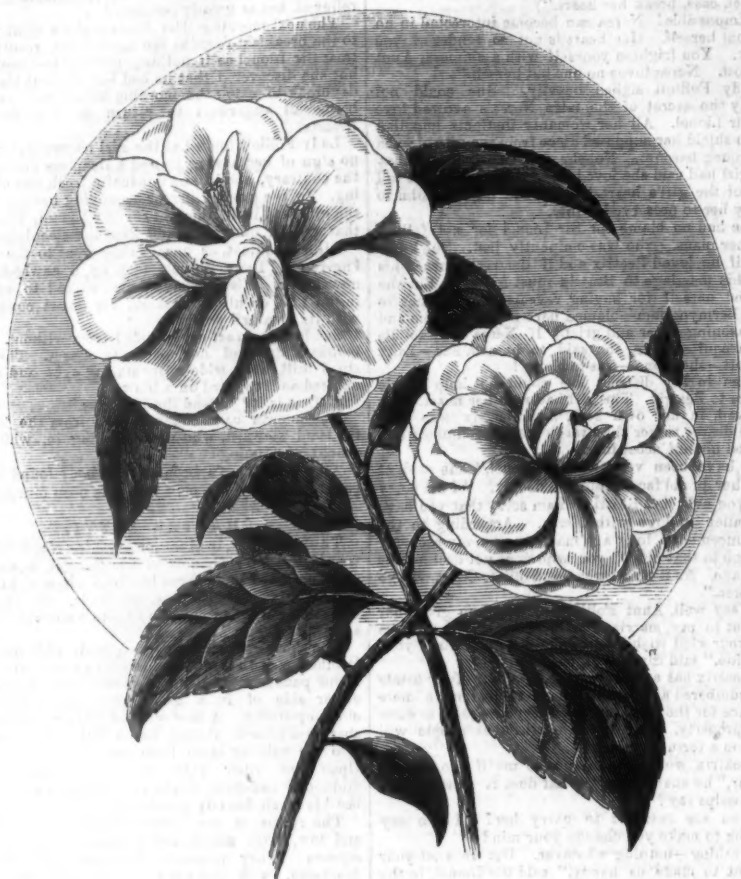
His wife, a gentle old lady, with a soft, sweet, babyish face surrounded by gray hair, devoted herself to his care as if he had been an infant.

The remainder of the household was composed of several grandchildren with their mother and governess, the father—Mr. Trevor's son—who was a civil engineer, being absent in Russia, where he was employed at a lucrative salary in the practice of his profession. Such was the home to which the fugitive heiress, Beatrix Rohan, was flying for refuge from her pursuers.

Small chance of refuge from her enemies in a house whose master was ill, a house full of helpless women and children. Small chance of finding defenders in a house where the only defenders were servants.

It was late in the afternoon of the long midsummer day—nearly dusk, in fact—when the rickety, rumbling old fly, with its rough Welsh ponies, which had conveyed Beatrix from the Bala station, came down the rude mountain road, and turned into the long green lane that led to the farmhouse.

(To be continued.)



[THE CAMELLIA.]

FLOWERS:

THEIR LANGUAGE, SENTIMENT,
SYMBOLS AND INTERPRETATION.

BY PHILANTHOS.

VOCABULARY.

CABBAGE (*Brassica*). Profit.

Though my floral sympathies are certainly not stirred at the thought of the homely Cabbage, yet as I find it in every vocabulary, and also among Tyas's "Floral Emblems"—he has omitted to give its picture—I have retained it, as supplying a very tangible, if not beautiful, emblem of Profit. We certainly should hesitate to present a cabbage, in its most "profitable" state as a floral offering, or even its congener, the Cauliflower, though a cockney poet has declared:—

The Cauliflower well I know,

'Tis the finest flower the garden blows,

while the French say of a money-grubbing trader that "*Il fait son choux gras*,"—"he greases his cabbages well." Yet there are pretty wild flowers of the *Brassica* tribe, the *Brassica Campestris* (Turnip Marrow), and yet more the *Brassica oleracea* (the Tea Cabbage), the progenitor of all our cabbages, great and small (Savoy, Brussels Sprouts, Cauliflowers and Broccolis), with its large panicle of lemon-coloured blossoms, scattered over the cliffs of Dover, Devon, Yorkshire and Wales. As to the varieties produced by culture, from the cabbage in the Mediterranean gardens of southern Spain, which weigh from fifty to sixty pounds, to the Scotch Curled Kale, Tree Kales, Palm Kales, and Kohl-rabi, with Caesar's Cow-Cabbage, growing in Jersey and La Vendée to the height of a dozen feet, they must be sought in books on family gardening. For our purpose we adopt the flower of the wild *Brassica* as the emblem of Profit.

CACTUS. Warmth. The same interpretation is

given by Tyas to the Spotted Arum, and by others to the Peppermint.

This singular tribe of plants, all exotic, though scarcely known to our forefathers, are now sufficiently familiar. For the most part they present, at first sight, the appearance of succulent fungi rather than flowering plants, but when the gorgeous, waxlike blooms appear the mistake is glorious apparent. Eighty-five species of this plant are given in "Don's Catalogue," including every variety of form—thick, thin, round, or angular, many full of spines and prickles, while others are slender cords covered with setae or bristles. Some flower in the day, others early in the night. Some are among the most diminutive of pot plants, some of gigantic growth, and form most formidable and impervious fences, like vegetable ramparts, in their native countries. Mrs. Sigourney, apostrophizing the most beautiful *Cereus* (*Cereus speciosissimus*), one of the extraordinary family of fleshy thorns to which the general name of Cacti has been given, asks—

Why hang thy beauty on such rugged stalk,
Thou beauteous flower?

Who poured those richest hues

In varying radiance o'er thy wrinkled brow,
And like a mesh those tissue stamens laidUpon thy crimson lip, thou glorious flower?
Lone on thy leafless stem,

Thou bidst the queenly rose, with all her

buds, do homage.

The Cacti are principally natives of Mexico, South Africa, South America and the West Indies. They are easily cultivated and have justly become popular favourites. Mrs. Loudon says "about five hundred living species have been arranged in a single collection, and more are added yearly." In arid plains the Cacti stores up a wonderful revenue of moisture. And in Mexico and Brazil the natives wound the Cactus with their long hunters' knives, and obtain a thirst-allaying juice. The Tree Cacti, thirty and forty feet high, *Mammularias*, *Echinocactus* (or Hedgehog) Cacti, yield beautiful flowers on grotesque stems: as do the *Opuntias* (prickly fig). There are also Melo (or Melon) Cacti, and other varieties.

CALLA ETHIOPICA. Magnificent Beauty. I would propose to substitute for this the Field Gentian, (*Gentiana campestris*) or Calathian Violet of the old writers.

CALECEALARIA, Slipperwort. "I offer you money"; or pecuniary assistance, or my fortune.

The *Calceolaria corymbosa*, with its bright golden flowers, is perhaps the most appropriate for the somewhat far-fetched symbolic phrase. It is a shrubby plant and will stand bedding out during summer months, but will not live through our winters, and is therefore more suited for the greenhouse than the garden. The name *Calceolaria* is from the Latin word *Calceolaris*, a shoe or sandal maker, from the bloom being in the shape of a shoe or slipper. The *Calceolaria bicolor*, white and yellow, is very pretty and choice, and the herbaceous sorts, which require plenty of water and good leaf mould, have of late years become favourite florists' show flowers. Some of them are very rich in their sportive markings, and challenge admiration.

CALICANTHUS FLORIDUS. Benevolence.

This twiggy shrub, with reddish-brown flowers, is called American Allspice, but has no relation to the spice-tree bearing that name. It exhales an odour compounded of the melon and ripe apples. It is deciduous and will grow nicely in a verandah, or a sheltered corner with a mixture of light loam and leaf-mould. Dr. Lindely describes a *Calicanthus occidentalis* with broader leaves, larger brick-red flowers, of hardier habit and more robust growth. Tyas, oddly enough, puts down the Potato as the emblem of Benevolence, and talks nearly as much nonsense about what William Cobbett, reaching the extreme of abuse, called "the accursed root," as could well be condensed into fifteen lines of print. He tells us it "escapes the greediness of the monopolist because its tubes will not keep well, so that he cannot withhold it as he may do corn." Again, "America has supplied us with this root, which has for ever banished from Europe, that most frightful of plagues—famine," and then refers to the famine produced in Ireland in 1846-7 by the dependence of the wretched population on potato culture to show "how important it is to the inhabitants of the United Kingdom." Truly the logic, like the political economy of this, is more than Hibernian!

We prefer and have adopted the *Calicanthus* for Benevolence.

CAMELLIA JAPONICA (RED). Unpretending Excellence.

CAMELLIA JAPONICA (WHITE). Perfect Loveliness.

All honour be to George Joseph Camellus, the Moravian Jesuit, for his union of scientific pursuits with his missionary enterprise, to which we owe these splendid flowering plants, of which we now possess about as many named varieties as there are weeks in the year, with the prospect of an annual increase. All of them are free bloomers, and the light evergreen foliage sets off the beauteous flowers. The first impression of this pride of the greenhouse is that of a shining laurel covered with roses, and like the rose, the flowers of the Camellia are of all colours and sizes, from the single wild rose of our hedges to the double varieties which adorn the lawns and shrubberies of the wealthy. It grows to a large tree in its native Japan, and John Chinaman reaps a good harvest by the continual production of new varieties. For ourselves we restrict the vocabulary to the red, or crimson, and the white, whether single or double.

The Camellia has the great advantage of easy cultivation; though wet soil is injurious to them, they require well watering, together with a moderate amount of heat, and shelter from frosts, which are fatal. A mixture of peat and sandy loam, with a small proportion of good old rotten manure, will suit them well. The mode of increase is by cuttings, planted in sand, under a hand-glass, where they soon strike root; after which they may be planted singly in pots and boxes in a moderately warm stove, the temperature being reduced to harden them by degrees. It is a glorious sight to see a chamber solely devoted to the growth of the Camellia, with the leading varieties arrayed; though such a collection requires some money and more care. The greenhouse should be high, as some plants will grow to ten or twelve feet; but the glass should be even and of good quality, as the coarse, discoloured and unequal glass is very injurious to the Camellia. The time for a regular shifting of Camellias should be the end of February and not later than early March; when they begin to make young wood they should be shaded from the direct action of the summer sunshine. Anybody may have Camellias in their windows, as some good kinds may be bought as low in price as ordinary greenhouse

plants, and in the house they will flower in winter. The cut bloom of the Camellia is the favourite button-hole flower for gentlemen's evening dress, and at winter balls, and we need do no more than hint at the lachrymose story of Alexandre Dumas's "Dame aux Camellias," which Adeline Patti and Christine Nilsson adorn with their vocal gifts in Verdi's "Traviata," to show what a favourite this flower is as a decoration of ladies who are not Unpretending Excellence.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

A RAILWAY ON THE SEA BOTTOM.—Dr. Lacombe's project might, perhaps be termed more fittingly a marine railway, or a railway for the marines. He proposes to lay a submarine line of rails at the bottom of the Straits of Dover between England and France, upon which a weighted chariot or platform is to run, and upon this platform is to be placed a submarine boat, composed of galvanized iron, and hermetically sealed, propelled by compressed air.

THE CRATER LINNE.—A recent view of this has been obtained. Definition, which had been at first very tremulous and disagreeable, gradually improved, but was still unsteady. At best moments, however, the craterlet came out with great certainty and distinctness, its interior being filled with black shadow, though at a distance of 13 degs. or 14 degs. from the terminators, exactly on which Piton was glowing splendidly in the sunrise. The cavity was evidently of an elliptical form, its longer axis pointing a little W. of S., and it was eccentric as regarded the white cloud beginning as usual to form around it, being considerably nearer to its W. border.

BRAIN OF MAN AND APES.—Professor Owen is quoted as saying, before the Anthropological Society that as the brain of man is more complex in its organisation than the brain of inferior animals, it is more subject to injury, and more liable to experience the want of perfect development; that cases of idiocy occur among all races of mankind, and that extreme smallness of the skull indicates want of intellect approaching to idiocy. Alluding to the attempts that have been made to find a link of connection between man and apes, he remarked that it was possible that an idiot with an imperfectly developed brain might wander into some cave, and there die, and in two or three hundred years his bones might be covered with mud, or be embedded in stalagmite, and when discovered such a skull might be adduced as affording the looked-for link connecting man with the inferior animals.

THE SUN.

In Professor Roscoe's "Spectrum Analysis" we read that among the metalloids, hydrogen is the only one indicated by spectrum analysis as existing in the sun. The other substances, such as oxygen and nitrogen, can never be discovered in the sun by this process; still, in spite of the almost complete want of coincidences between the solar lines and those of oxygen and nitrogen, we have no right to pronounce definitely upon the absence of these two bodies from the sun.

In other parts of the same book and elsewhere we read of flaming hydrogen, extending to a distance of 10,000 and 20,000 miles away from the sun's surface; but we do not meet with any observation or argument in favour of the presence of oxygen there. The question that perplexes me is, whether we can think of flaming hydrogen, or of flaming anything, without pre-supposing the presence of oxygen?

It is startling to read of masses of hydrogen existing at such enormous distances from the sun's surface; the marvel is increased sixteenfold if we must think of oxygen being there also. The combination of the two gases on a scale so stupendous must generate enormous volumes of steam. How is it that the light and heat of the sun are not intercepted by these masses of steam, and his orb concealed from us? J.E.

CLEANING THE BOILER.—The flues or tubes of a boiler should be cleaned about once a week with a brush or a scraper. In case incrustation has formed in them, they can be cleaned by a jet of steam from a rubber hose. A boiler should be blown down and cleaned, under ordinary circumstances, about once a month. The fire should first be hauled; and then, if possible, it is best to let the boiler stand until the water becomes tolerably cool, say for twelve hours, after which the water may be allowed to run out. Then remove the man and handhole plates, enter the boiler, and clean it with scrapers and brushes in every part that can be reached. It should then be washed out with cold water from a hose, and this washing with a hose is the only means of cleaning those parts of a boiler that cannot be reached by hand. There are many boilers into which a man cannot enter, and of course these

can only be washed out. When the fire is hauled, all leaks in the boiler should be repaired.

THE MANAGEMENT OF BOILERS AND ENGINES.—Extensive as is the literature connected with the steam engine, there is very little in print in relation to the practical management of steam machinery. It is not difficult to discover the reason for this omission. The practical details are so varied, for the different cases that may arise, that it is almost impossible to classify them. It is impossible so to foresee that the remedy for any emergency which arises can be prescribed in advance; and it is not desirable that the engineer should trust implicitly to a set of formal rules, which will leave him helpless to provide for a case which is not covered by the directions. At the same time, there are a number of general principles, which every engineer learns by experience, and their publication may be of use to those whose experience has yet to be acquired. Many steam users, recognizing the importance of having their machinery carefully managed, are in the habit of sending engineers and firemen to be examined in regard to their qualifications before engaging them.

THE HELIOGRAPH.

THROUGH the general introduction of electric telegraphy, and the all but universal adoption of the Morse alphabet, it occurred to Mr. Mance to produce an instrument which is very compact, very portable, easily set up, and easily worked. Although he was first in favour of larger instruments (which are still preferable for permanent stations), he is now convinced that an instrument of the size here described is all that is requisite. The chief objection to the adoption of the sun telegraph is that we cannot command the sun to shine in the same manner that we can control a galvanic battery; and it must be understood that Mr. Mance advocates his system only as an auxiliary to the other systems of field telegraphy.

The instrument consists of a light, but firm tripod stand, similar to those used for prismatic compasses. On the top a plate is moved by a tangent screw which admits of quick and slow motion, and the plate carries on a pin a semi-circular ring, which again carries on pivots the round mirror, the silvering of which is removed in the centre for the space of a circle about 3-16 inch diameter. To the plate is also attached a simple key, which is pressed down and springs back like the ordinary Morse key. This key is connected with the top rim of the mirror by a steel rod, which can be lengthened and shortened—as occasion may require—by turning the handle and propelling the rod through the small brass ball which secures it to the edge of the mirror.

DISEASES IN ANIMALS.

RHEUMATISM is sometimes defined as inflammation of the fibrous tissues, tendons, and ligaments, and the fibrous coverings of muscles; but it must be understood that the inflammatory state is quite distinct from the ordinary disease. What change in the constitution of the blood is essential to the development of rheumatism is not well ascertained; but there is no doubt that lactic acid, or one of its allies, is abundantly formed and largely excreted from the system. It is probable that the same error in the nutritive functions which causes the formation of uric acid may also induce other chemical or physical changes which have not yet been recognized; but the facts go no farther than we have stated. Rheumatism is a peculiar form of inflammation of the white fibrous tissues, associated with the formation of an excess of uric or lactic acid, and the presence of an unusual proportion of fibrin in the blood.

Rheumatism may be acute and general, accompanied with various degrees of fever; or it may be strictly local, and productive of no more severe constitutional disturbance than would naturally arise from the pain in the inflamed part.

Acute rheumatism sometimes attacks the fibrous tissue connected with the muscles of the back in horses and cattle, the latter particularly, in consequence of their more frequent exposure to inclement weather. The milder form of the disease is very common among horses, and generally affects the synovial sacs in the vicinity of joints. In both forms rheumatism is always associated with a tendency to the deposit of fibrin; and in the acute variety of the affection, the serous membranes of the heart often suffer seriously, but not to the same extent in the lower animals as in man.

Causes of rheumatism are ordinarily and special. Common causes, which are those most readily appreciated, are exposures to wet and cold or sudden changes of temperature.

Horses when similarly affected remain in the standing position, with the hind legs drawn under the body, presenting something of the appearance which is apparent in acute inflammation of the fore feet; in fact, we have known this disease to be mistaken for rheumatism of the muscles of the

back, and we have heard of the opposite error being made, an attack of rheumatism in the back having been treated as inflammation of the fore feet. The symptoms of rheumatism, however, are sufficiently marked to enable an acute observer to distinguish it from any other affection.

When the inflammation attacks the joints of the extremities, one peculiarity is sufficient to indicate the nature of the malady—we refer to the tendency to shift from one part of the limb to another; the right fetlock may be swollen one day, and the left knee on the following day; and again in a short time the disease may quit the fore limbs altogether, and appear in the hind joints.

In the sub-acute form of rheumatic disease, the frequent change of position is a characteristic symptom; but in the most acute form, when the constitutional disturbance is most severe, the tendency to shift from one part to another is not so commonly noticed.

One variety of rheumatism is especially annoying as a sequel to febrile diseases. A horse which has recovered from an attack of influenza or bronchitis, suddenly becomes excessively lame from inflammatory swellings above the fetlocks, probably of the forelegs. The disease may yield to treatment to some extent but, as soon as any improvement occurs in one part the disease assumes a more active form in another; and many weeks may be occupied in trying various forms of treatment with more or less success. In the majority of cases soundness is ultimately restored, and it does not appear that the acute or chronic form of rheumatism leaves behind it any tendency to the malady.

Treatment of rheumatism is generally based on the assumption that the disease is due in a great degree to the presence of an excess of acid in the blood and secretions. It is undoubtedly true that there is an excess of fibrous material in that fluid; and there is also, in most cases, considerable constitutional debility. These conditions point to a consistent plan of treatment; it is necessary to eliminate morbid materials from the system, and to support the vital powers at the same time of generous diet.

Nitrate of potash and also carbonate of potash are valuable remedies in rheumatism, the former especially from its influence on the fibrin of the blood, while, at the same time, it excites the secretory action of the kidneys.

THE POWER OF ABSENCE.

IT IS strange how powerful absence is to wean us from our friends. Those whom we see daily grow to be part of our lives, if they are congenial; and we believe, especially in the case of the tender emotions, that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," until we have tried it.

Alas! for poor human nature, it really is not so; and one who voluntarily risks a long parting from a friend cannot be sure that the invisible chain which binds two hearts will be long enough or strong enough to last when "the seas roll broad between them." Except in special cases, Jack had better stay at home with Gill, if she is all his heart desires, than to leave her even for a while.

Absence! Why, if it were only possible to be absent from one's self, one would forget, after a while, that there was such a person, I verily believe. M. K. D.

THE Shah of Persia has presented to the Corporation of Berlin a handsomely bound copy of his diary, as a token of his appreciation of their hospitality.

On Whit-Monday, between eleven o'clock in the morning and about half-past four in the afternoon, no less than 5,744 visitors yessed through the State apartments of Windsor Castle.

An artistic and valuable picture by Rubens has been found in the Church of Notre Dame at Cassel. The painting is on wood, and represents the appearance of the Virgin to St. Joseph of Assisi. It is said to retain all its original freshness of colour, thanks to a plenteous coating of dirt, which has preserved it from the air for some years past.

With regard to the origin of the word "frog," we have to say that Admiral Vernon was the first to require his men to drink their spirits mixed with water. In bad weather he was in the habit of walking the deck in a rough grogram cloak, and thence obtained the nickname of Old Frog. Thence originated the name "frog" as applied to rum-and-water.

DISCOVERY OF HUMAN REMAINS.—A remarkable discovery of human remains was recently made in a bog in the townland of Drumgallon, near Drumquin, county Tyrone. Some men, cutting turf, accidentally came on the skeleton of a man, seemingly fully dressed, and tied with ropes to some boards, with two handspikes on each side and two hooped sticks in which the hands apparently rested. The body was enveloped in what had the appearance of a large military cloak, while round the waist was a belt in

which had been stuck a knife, a horse-comb, a common comb and some other articles whose uses are now unknown here. On the legs were tight trousers reaching to the knee, over which stockings seemed to have been drawn and then strapped on and buckled. On the feet were curiously made shoes and silver buckles, and the hands had gloves, while on the head—the hair of which still remains, and must have reached to the shoulder—was a long cap.

FAETIÆ.

A "MAX MEETING" not to be found in the Exeter Hall List.—Epsom Summer.—*Fun.*

TO FREQUENTERS OF BALLS.—Never finish the evening with a reel.—*Fun.*

A KISS FOR A BLOW.—Mamma's embrace when papa promises to take the dear children to Margate for a month.—*Fun.*

TRUE CONDESCENSION.

FLOWER GIRL (patronisingly to Belgravian damsels): "The price is threepence to those who can afford it, but I'll let you have it for twopenny."—*Fun.*

HORRIBLE PROPANITY.

SAMBO (to Lord Aulsebrook): "What, no coppers? Never mind, old chap; lend me your white hat and I'll go round with it. Don't be alarmed; we'll cut 'em up after'ards atween us!"—*Fun.*

DIS-CREDIT-ABLE.

CUSTOMER: "Mother wants a nice plump chicken, please."

SHOPMAN: "Trussed?"

CUSTOMER: "Oh, no; I am going to pay for it!"

POETRY AND PROSE.

GIRL: Won't ye cross me 'and with a bit o' silver, and I'll tell the fortune of those smiling and dimpled cheeks, pale lady? — (Persuasively) "Ere! come on, my gal, you and young man—both for a tanner!"—*Fun.*

A DESIDERATUM.—The Archbishop of Canterbury and bishops generally have been requested to combine in composing a form of prayer of extra strength, to be used on the occasion of launching vessels intended for the passenger trade.—*Punch.*

DINNER AND DESSERT.

For a cut of cold mutton choose the saddle. Eat a good bit but bridle your thirst. The best nuts to crack on a racecourse are cobnuts.—*Punch.*

KNOWING ONE'S PLACE.

THE LADY ISULTER (not three): "The welly kind of you to call me, Xobert! Thall I give you a kith?"

ROBERT (in great trepidation): "N—n—n—not for the world, my lady!"—*Punch.*

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

"Tom, who did you say your friend B. married?" "He married forty thousand pounds—I forgot her other name!" was the answer.

WHY is a man ascending Vesuvius like a man trying to kiss a pretty girl? Because he wants to get at the crater's mouth.

MRANNERS.

"Wake up, wake up; there's a man in the house," said Mrs. Portly to her husband the other night.

The husband rolled out of bed, grasped his revolver, and opened the door to sally forth for the robber. Then turning to his wife he said: "Come, Sarah, and lead the way. It's a mean man that will hurt a woman."

CURIOUS.

ENGLISH TOURIST (in Ireland): "Tell me, waiter, at what hour does the first train leave for Clonmel?"

WAITER: "Is it the furrest thrain, sor? I'm not rightly sure. The noine thrain up used to lave at ha'f-past noine—but fair it goes at tin now—and there's no furrest thrain now at all at all. But I'll ax at the bar, sor!"—*Punch.*

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

NERVOUS OLD LADY: "Oh, policeman! policeman! there's a strange dog that will stick to me, and won't leave me, and I can't get rid of him! Couldn't you take him in charge or something?"

POLICEMAN (who does not like the job): "Very sorry, ma'am, but we can't interfere with any dog so long as he's a foilerin' o' somebody!"—*Punch.*

A HELPLESS ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.

After dressing, I looked outside for my shoes, but they were not there. Then I rang for them. Pretty soon a young maid appeared. She courtesied and I replied:

"That's all right, and proper enough, too, but I wish to direct your attention to the fact that my shoes have not arrived."

She courtesied again, and stood there, and looked at me in a pleasant, off-hand manner.

"Shoosie," said I, happening to remember my French. "Shoosie, booties, noose comee."

Then she stared at me, and suddenly turned and disappeared. It is just as well that I happened to

hit upon this pigeon English, and as I thus reflected the maid returned, bringing with her a shock-headed youth, who revealed in every lineament of his face and every hair in the tumbled mass the revolting and awful fact that the English language was farther beyond his reach than the North Pole. I would much rather she had not brought him, as it is hard enough, goodness knows, to talk with one Frenchman.

"Shoosie, shoosie," said I; "where on earth are they?"

He bowed in acknowledgment of the wisdom of my observation, but it was evident he didn't intend to permit it to upset him.

"Herece, lookce, Johnny," I said, holding up my foot and going through the pantomime of pulling on a very obstinate boot. "Shoosie, bringce quickece."

His face lighted up in an instant.

"Oui," said he.

"Git," said I.

And in five minutes I had the shoes.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

A person of science went out to try,

To try if his wings would bear;

When all of a sudden an owl came by,

And didn't the creature staro!

He noticed the person attempt to fly,

And scoffed at the way he steered.

And ruffled his feathers and winked his eye

And wagged his tail and sneered.

The person would wriggle in graceful curves

Atop of a two-foot stump,

And then he'd consider and brace his nerves,

And steady himself—and jump.

With bitter emotions that owl was bowed

And grumbled, as well he might,

And very severely observed aloud:

"A truly degrading sight!"

The gentleman coloured and felt quite hot,

But bottled his wounded pride,

And shuffled away to his lonely cot

And bolted himself inside;

But as for the owl he was still dismayed.

"A pitiful sight!" said he,

"A libellous, scurrilous masquerade!

A silly burlesque of me!"

"I'll lighten my mind of its grievous load

By giving him tit for tat!"

And, seeking a shop in the Brompton Road,

He purchased a beaver hat.

The "sronaut's" cottage was Number Four;—

And, as for the owl, he went

And asked for a lease of the house next door,

At seven-and-thirty rent.

Disguising himself as a "sronaut,"

With buttons and boots and all,

He pulled a cigar he had lately bought

A-top of the garden wall.

The "sronaut," person of tender heart,

Though having some sense of pride,

Perceived the rebuke with an inward smart,

And felt it was just, and cried.

He thought of his wings in the first-floor-

back—

He went and he fetched 'em down,

And, packing 'em in a potato sack,

He sold 'em for half-a-crown.

They shed a reciprocal, briny tear,

That man and the artful bird—

And there they've resided some forty years,

With never an angry word! *Fun.*

A GLASGOW worthy who had got into a scrape was asked after his release as to how he had got on. "Weel," replied he, "ye see a body canna hae everything in his life; and I'm no' gaun to misca' the place—no' me. For a' the time I was there—just two months' nae, by-the-bye—I was well proteckit frae the wiles o' a wicket worl' outside; while my bread was aye g'oin' me, and my water sure."

THE SPARE BED.

When I go to the country to visit my relations writes M. Quid, the spare bed rises up before my imagination, days before I start, and I shiver as I remember how cold and grave-like the sheets are. I put off the visit as long as possible, solely on account of that spare bed. I don't like to tell them that I had rather sleep on a picket fence than to enter that spare room and creep into that spare bed, and so they know nothing of my sufferings.

The spare bed is always as near a mile and a half from the rest of the beds as it can be located. It's either upstairs at the head of the hall, or off in the parlour. The parlour curtain have not been raised for weeks; everything is as prim as an old maid's bonnet, and the bed is as square and true as if it had been made up to a carpenter's rule.

No matter whether it be summer or winter, the bed is like ice, and it sinks down in a way to make one shiver. The sheets are slippery clean, the pillow

slips rusted like shrouds, and one dare not stretch his leg down for fear of kicking against a tombstone.

One sin's down until he is lost in the hollow, and foot by foot the prime bedposts vanish from sight. He is worn out and sleepy, but he knows the rest of the family are so far away that no one could hear him if he should shout for an hour, and this makes him nervous. He wonders if any one died in that room, and straightway he sees the faces of dead persons, hears strange noises, and presently feels a chill galloping up and down his back.

Did anyone ever pass a comfortable night in a spare bed? No matter how many quilts and spreads covered him he could not get warm, and if he accidentally fell asleep it was to awake with a start, under the impression that a dead man was pulling his nose. It will be days and weeks before he recovers from the impression, and yet he must suffer in silence, because the spare bed was assigned him in token of esteem and affection.

A CORPORATE CATASTROPHE.

Some provincial mayors have recently been sorely troubled on the score of precedence. Finding they were about to meet at a dinner given by one of their body, the august remainder set energetically to work, each one being determined to show his superiority over all others. One dressed up his town-crier, another bewigged his mace-bearer, a third ordered a complete Court suit for himself, and still another purchased a new real beaver hat. Just as they were bursting with suppressed magnificence it was discovered that the dinner was not to take place, that the invitations were a hoax, and that the whole affair was simply a mayor's nest. We draw a curtain over what followed, and weep for very sympathy.—*Fun.*

AN AGRICULTURAL MISTAKE.

A short time ago a German was riding along Sansome Street, near Sacramento, when he heard the whizzing of a ball near him and felt his hat shaken. He turned about and saw a man with a revolver in his hand, and took off his hat and found a fresh bullet-hole in it.

"Did you shoot at me?" asked the German.

"Yes," replied the other party; "that's my horse. It was stolen from me recently."

"You must be mistaken," said the German, "I have owned the horse for three years."

"Well," says the other, "when I come to look at him I believe I am mistaken. Excuse me, sir; won't you take a drink?"

The rider dismounted and tied his horse. The two found a drinking saloon; they drank together and parted friends. That is the Californian fashion to make acquaintances.

LEVELLING UP.

SUB. (Just arrived by rail): "How much to the barracks?"

CAR-DRIVER: "Ah, sure thin, captin, the maneest ov 'em gives me 'tree and sixpence!"—*Punch.*

CELA VA SANS DIRE.—A book is advertised entitled "How to Grow Roses Out of Doors." It may be safely conjectured that the doors in question should be made of rose-wood.—*Punch.*

THE MORE THAN "NEEDFUL."—A gentleman writes to a daily paper to say that his wife only avoided being brutally assaulted while walking along on Wimbledon Common by presenting her assailant with a purse of gold. There is a readiness as well as ease about this method of self-protection which is bound to commend itself to the notice of all young married couples. We trust they will provide themselves accordingly, and at once.—*Fun.*

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Knowing when your wife is in a good temper, so that you may mention that little trip on the Continent you propose taking alone.

Knowing when the tax-collector's going to call, so that you may pull down the blinds and send word you're dead.

Knowing where "the friends of the author" are seated on a first night, so that you may get as far away from their deafening applause as possible.

Knowing when the club bore is going to button-hole you, so that you may have sudden business in the next street.

Knowing when the dear children have been cooking a few little dishes "all their own selves," so that you may have a prohibitory attack of dyspepsia.

Knowing when Soudyeore's going to mention that half-crown, so that you may ask him for sixpence to pay your 'bus home.

Knowing when a relative of your host is at the piano, that you may shape your criticism accordingly.

Knowing when your landlady's low-spirited, that you may give an extra eye to the whisky jar.

Knowing your editor's work when you see it, so that you may not make unfortunate reference to its weakness when he asks your opinion.—*Fun.*

A DOGGY authority says—A dog is, we think

neither happier nor better for being taught a number of set tricks. Such instruction must almost of necessity subject the dog to a certain amount of painful discipline, and his accomplishments, must, after all, in a little while, grow wearisome to his master. Leave him alone, and he will make for himself a hundred clever, funny little ways, which are far more interesting to watch than any sort of trained performances. He should, however, be carefully educated in the matter of obedience. An unruly dog is a real calamity to his friends. Truthfulness is one of a dog's most marked attributes. He will never show affection where he does not feel it, never willingly stay in a place he dislikes. In this, as in many other points, dog-nature is a very beautiful nature. In all our pride of intellect we may perhaps learn something from our dogs. That perhaps explains why so many go to the dogs.

SEVERAL passengers on the lower Mississippi were attracted by the alligators basking in the sunshine. "Are they amphibious, captain?" asked a looker-on. "Amphibious?—thunder!" answered the enthusiastic officer, "they'll eat a hog a minute."

At a parting in Chicago railroad depot, "Do not forget me, or cease to love me!" murmured the husband. "Never, never!" sobbed the wife, and she pulled out a handkerchief and tied a knot in it that she might remember.

PROSPERITY won't do for some folks. There's Jonathan Jops got three and ninepence the other day, and has been in a state of ruination ever since. Our friend, Miss Brown, ever since she had a new silk dress, hasn't been worth a penny in the useful way. For making people sober and sensible, you must keep them three doors this side of prosperity.

WOMAN COOK.—A lady advertises that she wishes to recommend "a kind, motherly, domesticated person who can cook a working housekeeper" to a lady or gentleman. We can understand a motherly woman cooking one of her own sex with pleasure and ability, but we can't imagine the lady or gentleman who would care to partake of the dish when prepared.—*Fun.*

HONESTY OF INTENTION.

GENTLEMAN: "Hollos, Dick, what are you doing with my copper kettle?"

DICK: "Why, look here, mas'r, I'm jist takin' um to de pump to get a drink out on um, and den fetch um back, but if you don't like it, take yer old kettle I'll borry a tin cup somewhere else."

QUICK WIT.—One of the readiest replies we have heard lately was made by an Irish labourer. A gentleman travelling on horseback "down east," came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he. "A herd of cows would starve to death on that land." "And sure, your honour, wasn't I fencing it in to kape the poor bastards out iv it?"

DOUBLE TROUBLE.—Somebody advertises his desire to exchange a 2l. croquet set, nearly new, for a double-panambulator. Alas! how sadly this must remind all married men of the too swiftly ensuing duties of matrimony, and the evanescence of all human joy, which even the delights of twainship cannot modify! As we don't often drop into moral reflection, we trust this effort will have tremendous effect on those who contemplate wedlock with belligerent eyes.—*Fun.*

GRAND FINAL.—The "Morning Post" of Monday, at the close of its description of the Royal Academy dinner, contains the startling information that "the company left the banqueting-hall, and partook of a service of tea and coffee." Probably the President, under the influence of the occasion, swallowed a butter-dish; and, if his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales bolted a sugar-basin, he may have felt the want of the utensil to accommodate the saccharine matter with which he has been surfeited at this and other public dinners.

JOHNSON'S JOKE.—"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "let us take a walk down Fleet-street." "By all means," answered the Dr.'s companion; and they went. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, presently, as he gazed fixedly at his friend, "can you tell me why Temple Bar is like the practice of swindling?" "No, that I'm sure I can't—he! he!" "Because, sir, so many City men go through it to get from the City to the West-end. D'ye see?" "No, can't say I do." "Didn't think you would," said the Dictionary; "come and have a drink."—*Fun.*

INSULAR PECULIARITIES.—According to a local paper, the "Herald" there have been some curious births in the Isle of Wight recently. To be born at the age ninety-nine is a wonderful effort of will; but the lady who has succeeded in doing this is by no means alone, as two gentlemen have managed to enter the world, one at ninety-one and the other at eighty-two. Compensation will be found by the curious in the fact that through the same medium we discover that an island lady has been born "of daughter." What a fortunate Wight this must be

that possesses such wonders. Why mutton from Cowes will now fade into insignificance.—*Fun.*

MOR A BAD JOKE.

In a certain village was an atheist. This man, of course, never entered any place of worship. Indeed, in the fruit season, he was specially busy on Sundays in defending his orchard from his great enemies, the woodpecker, and the idle, profligate persons of the village, who on that day made sad havoc among his apples and peaches.

One day while at work with his son-in-law—an atheist like himself, although a more kind and courteous gentleman—as a pastor of a congregation was passing, he very rudely accosted the minister:

"Sir, what is the use of your preaching? What good do you do by it? Why don't you teach these fellows better morals? Why don't you tell them something about stealing in your sermons, and keep them from robbing my orchards?"

To this the minister pleasantly replied:

"My dear sir, I am sorry that you are so annoyed, and I should most willingly read the fellows who rob your orchard a lecture on thieving, but the truth is they are all so like you and Mr. B. here that I never get a chance."

"Good, good!" replied Mr. B. laughing.

MAN'S LOVE.

To love and love with reason,
To honour's dictates true,
And never to abandon
Her whom they once pursue.

To win the rose and wear it,
And as it fades away
To guard its waning beauty,
And cherish in decay.

To look on one with fondness
Which time nor chance may kill,
Adore with warm devotion
Which naught on earth can chill.

Beside the bed of pain
To catch life's howling breath,
To close the glazing eyes
And soothe the hour of death.

To wet with tears the turf
Her cold remains above,
And hapt that sacred spot
With never-ceasing love.

A.

STATISTICS.

PUBLIC INCOME AND EXPENDITURE.—Mr. Childers has obtained a return as to the public income and expenditure and surplus for ten years ended the 31st March last. In 1866, the public income was £7,812,292. 4s. 6d., and the surplus certified by the National Debt Commissioners, after stating the expenditure, was £1,837,934. 11s. 3d. In 1867, income, £9,434,567. 15s. 9d.; leaving a surplus of £2,041,711. 17s. 3d. In 1868, income, £9,600,218. 4s. 1d.; surplus, nil. In 1869, income, £7,591,991. 12s. 8d.; surplus, nil. In 1870, income, £7,434,252. 10s. 6d.; surplus, £3,699,500. 11s. In 1871, income, £9,945,220. 10s. 8d.; surplus, £4,680. 13s. 6d. In 1872, income, £7,765,814. 13s. 1d.; surplus, £2,848,294. 6s. 8d. In 1873, income, £7,608,770. 6s. 1d.; surplus, £5,586,322. 0s. 5d. In 1874, income, £7,825,656. 17s. 1d.; surplus, £39,146. 14s. In the present year to the 31st March last the income was £7,921,572. 14s. 1d., and the surplus nil. In the several years the expenditure is given as well as the sum for fortifications and the localisation of military forces. The fortifications extend over ten years, and the military localisation over the last three years.

THE LOAN OF AN UMBRELLA.—Seldom has a case of more importance to the public been heard in a court of justice than that of Cooper v. Lushstein, tried in the Shoreditch county court a few days ago. The action rose out of an umbrella which the plaintiff had lent to the defendant, but which the other did not return, and the sum of 15s. 6d. was therefore claimed as the value thereof. The plaintiff's father-in-law distinctly proved the loan of the umbrella to the defendant on "one rainy day." "It was valued," he said, "at 15s. 6d. and the defendant had paid 5s. 6d. on account. He (the defendant) had been called upon several times for the balance, but it could never be got." The defendant admitted having borrowed "an old worn-out umbrella," worth about 3s. 6d. from the plaintiff, "but lost it, where he could not say." He reported the loss to the plaintiff, who said, "Never mind, it was not up to much." The melancholy affair took its course, and after four months ago, and the defendant had paid 5s. 6d. instead of 3s. 6d., his own

estimated value of the umbrella, "to save a bother." The judge, commenting on the fact that the plaintiff was only represented by his father-in-law, and did not himself appear in support of his claim, nonsuited the parties; but the case illustrates a wholesome and growing tendency on the part of not only owners of umbrellas but even of their relatives to apply the ordinary principles of honesty to the loan of these useful articles, and exact from borrowers their full value when not returned.

GEMS.

THE worst men often give the best advice.

HAVE the same regard for all the world that you would wish them to have for you.

YOU will find no greater enemy than yourself if you suffer your passions to govern you.

BE industrious in business, intrepid in dangers, vigorous in acting, prudent in concerting, and prompt in executing.

BE easy of address, and courteous in conversation, and then everybody will think it a pleasure to have any dealings with you.

RECEIVE your relations and friends with a smiling and engaging air; if you do otherwise, you lose the pleasure of seeing them.

IF you believe a thing impossible, your despondency shall make it so; but he that perseveres shall overcome all difficulties.

MODESTY in your furniture, equipage and words will show that your mind is well regulated, and your heart free from passion.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

A SIMPLE method of determining the quantity of cream in any sample of milk consists in agitating the milk in a graduated glass tube with its bulk of ether for four or five minutes. Add alcohol in volume equal to that of the milk, and shake for five minutes. Place the tube vertically and allow it to rest for a brief period, when the oily matter will rise to the surface so that its amount may be read off on the scale and the percentage easily computed.

IODINE GREEN ON WOOLLEN YARN.—The mordant for iodine green on woollen yarn is prepared by adding 40 pounds of purified hydrochloric acid, and 50 pounds of hyposulphite of soda to 225 pounds of soft water, and allowing it to settle. For 20 pounds of wool 40 pounds of this mordant is heated to 158 deg., and the yarn is well worked in it, with constant turning for half an hour, and is then wound out, and the bath is again heated to 158 deg., and the yarn worked in it again for the same length of time, then removed, and well cooled and allowed to lie over night. It is to be rinsed shortly before dyeing, which is done according to sample, in a clear bath, by means of iodine and picro, wooden vessels being employed throughout the whole operation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE King of Italy has conferred the Order of the Crown of Italy upon Captain W. J. Wyatt, author of "The Austro-Italian War."

It is said that Her Majesty lately intimated to the Hon. George Brown, of Toronto, who has been offered the Lieutenant-Governorship of Ontario, her willingness to confer upon him the honour of knighthood.

THE orange-trees of the Tuileries and Luxembourg gardens, which had till now been kept under cover, from apprehension of late frosts, have been placed in their former positions along the alleys.

A new stamp point for swindling has been found. The booking clerk of a railway company is charged with circulating base coin, and the coiners state that they have been supplying their ware to different persons for some time past.

AT one of the Sankey fashionables Mr. Gladstone, as he left, congratulated Mr. Moody on his broad, deep chest, from which he could speak audibly to such multitudes. "Ay," said Mr. Moody, "I wish I'd your head stop of it."

IT is proposed to apply the tempered glass of M. de la Bastie to safety lamps for the use of colliers. It is a peculiarity of this toughened glass that it is not easily broken; but it appears that by sudden cooling it is rapidly reduced to powder.

EIGHT regiments of cavalry, twelve batteries of artillery and twenty-eight of infantry will take part in the military manoeuvres at Aldershot this year. No militia regiments have yet received orders to join the force. The troops will be divided into two corps d'armée, to each of which proper detachments of Royal Engineers and the Army Service Corps will be attached.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDITOR.—It would be desirable to wait for two or three years.

NELLIE W.—We are sorry we cannot give you the required information.

E. F. J. P. has omitted to send the name of the gentleman to whom she wishes to respond.

FREDERICK.—Under the circumstances it is necessary to give some notion of your age, and upon this point your letter is silent.

CHARLES A.—The ages of both the parties referred to by you are considered too young for marriage in these northern countries.

S. M. T.—We are sorry to disappoint, but the time for you is not yet, for you are much too young to marry; that is, we think so.

H. F.—The main incident of your sketch is not very new, and is likely, we are afraid, to render the manuscript you have sent unserviceable.

JAMES W.—A little patience is sometimes necessary, for it is impossible to accommodate our numerous correspondents all at once. We believe you will find that your first letter, which we remember very well, received due attention.

AMBROS.—The sentiment of your verses cannot be too highly commended, and the verses themselves are sufficiently good to cause us to refrain from the expression of any further opinion on their merits than that they are not faultless.

A FISH CURER.—Fish can be preserved in glycerine. Professor Owen has suggested that the fishes of tropical seas might be brought home in kegs of glycerine. If you require glycerine in large quantities you should purchase through some firm of oil merchants.

C. H.—Although the objection to the marriage of second cousins is on physical grounds less formidable than the objection to the marriage of first cousins, it is not desirable that second cousins should marry, as far as the question of health is concerned.

B. J. K. 1. The lines you have sent about "Despair" do not appear to have any poetical merit. 2. Although the handwriting is legible it is not otherwise good. 3. The colour of the hair is dark brown. 4. The motto "Honi soit qui mal y pense" is applicable to such a case.

MAB.—I, we are not acquainted with the book inquired for. 2. Although some young ladies do get married as early as seventeen, general opinion does not concur in such a hasty passing away from girlhood to womanhood unless there are special circumstances to warrant such a step. It is considered that, as there is a time for all things, such a marriage is premature, because it obliterates the happy and useful period of maidenhood from a woman's career. During maidenhood a female is less in need of companionship than at any other period of her life, for the very simple reason that in youth companions are the most readily found. She has also the opportunity of then acquiring knowledge and accomplishments and of exercising her powers of observation untrammelled by the cares which are incident to married life; while, by deferring her marriage for a few years she gives her physical nature an opportunity of becoming fairly strong and properly developed. The marriage of a girl so young as seventeen seems like the uprooting of some promising plant from a genial soil in order that a selfish desire, which is careless of all save present gratification, may have its way. The plant should be cherished, not nipped at the bud, and the brightness and instruction and opportunities which kind nature bestows even on the poorest all through "the teens" and a little longer, should not be dimmed nor destroyed by the imposition of a burden which, notwithstanding the glamour that surrounds it, is at that period of life too heavy to be borne. Young ladies might become lost eager for very early marriage if they would but consider that it is never safe to enter on any new stage of experience unless all the former stages on the same road have been carefully undergone. The golden opportunities which occur between seventeen and twenty-one should be used to acquire information, and the grim fact that an ill-assorted marriage is almost the worst, if not the very worst, trouble that can happen to a mortal, should not be overlooked in order that the chance of cultivating some knowledge of human nature may be laid hold of at a time when such knowledge will be of the most service. 3. Both for beauty and for health broad shoulders (not high) are to be preferred. 4. The next question, "Do gentlemen like ladies to flirt?" illustrates the stage that it is much more easy to ask a question than to answer it. It really seems as if it could not be answered, and for the following reasons: A flirtation is perhaps never called by its right name while it is in existence. Mr. is assiduous in his attentions to Miss, who graciously accepts them; lasting only during an evening or an afternoon, this is

merely what gallantry requires: it is politeness, maybe, but nothing more. If on future occasions these attentions are paid and received with a somewhat greater emphasis, who, in this incipient stage of apparent love, can forecast the result? Not those immediately concerned. They have just seen enough of each other to create a desire for a still more intimate acquaintance, though what effect upon them an enlarged knowledge may have they cannot tell. Supposing it results in Miss declining to have anything more to say to Mr., he would hardly like that; if, on the other hand, discovered that she was not "all his fancy painted her," his chagrin would still not be pleasant. Flirtation, we expect, is a process as unconscious as it is careless and thoughtless. It is only pronounced to be flirtation when its unproductive nature is discovered. On the principle of "all's well that ends well" he might not dislike it, a very negative conclusion truly, and a sorry answer forsooth! yet the best that occurs to us just now. The "well"—are not its nature and its depths enveloped in security? 5. At last we approach the termination of your letter. You ask for a cure for bashfulness. Well, if you will forgive the simile, a practical exposition of the best method of treatment may be found in the way a patient master treats a shy horse. He coaxes the animal, again and again if necessary, up to the object of terror, does all he can to produce the conviction that the cause of alarm was groundless, and uses occasionally what acts as a stern persuader to the animal to do his duty. And thus, by gentleness and by argument, should you deal with any unhappy sufferer from bashfulness to whom you may be so good as to extend the boon of your friendship. Show such an one that there is no ground for timidity, point the sufferer to good examples of self-possession. Inculcate the duty of being natural and of mingling with others. Bashfulness is only one of those many ills which find a cure in the possession of an able, a judicious and a true friend.

MYST THOUGHTS.

Why waste we the precious moments.

Given us ere life shall part?

Is there not within our bosoms

One single reproving dart?

Are there, then, no pricks of conscience,

Nought to say when we are wrong?

Are we altogether senseless

To that voice that speaks so long?

So long and yet so calmly waiting

For one sign of life to come,

For one sign of deep emotion

To say that we are nearer home,

We are nearer death's door daily,

Nearer home we cannot say

If we do not use more carefully

All the moments of our stay.

We know not when we may be called

To give account for all our vow.

And no time for preparation,

Nothing can we claim but "now."

To-morrow may do nothing for us,

We may ne'er see morning dawn.

In uncertainty we live,

To uncertainty were born.

Never, never can we tell

How long here we have to stay.

Let us, then, prepare our souls

For the call come now, to-day.

HOPE.

HOPE.—Without endorsing all the metrical arrangements with which you have clothed your Night Thoughts, we may say that the paramount importance of the subject upon which you have been musing will no doubt invest the verses with great interest in the estimation of many readers.

M. E. C.—The mania for collecting old postage stamps seems to have died out; but probably a dealer in waste paper would give you a halfpenny a pound's weight for any you may have. It does not appear that they could be utilised in any other way than as materials to form pulp in a paper maker's vat.

A SEVEN YEARS SUBSCRIBER.—1. Although it is usual to have assistance, it is perhaps not impossible for you to teach yourself shorthand. 2. Fittman's system of Phonography is a work on the subject which can be recommended. It can be had, by order, of any bookseller. 3. The handwriting is very good.

SUCCESS.—The duties of a bank clerk vary. They depend upon the position he occupies in the bank. Though the duties of a junior bank clerk are not considered either onerous or difficult, a person aspiring to such a position must be a person of some ability. Energy, general intelligence, good habits, good and rapid penmanship, fair arithmetical knowledge, a presentable appearance, trustworthiness and reliability are amongst the qualifications expected in a junior bank clerk.

1.—1. The term "Ides," in the calendar of the ancient Romans is supposed to be derived from the old and obsolete Latin verb "idare," which signified "to divide." The Ides was one of the divisions of an ancient Roman month, the other two being the Kalends and the Nones. 2. Perhaps it is not impossible to learn foreign languages and mathematics without the help of some one already acquainted with them, but it must greatly increase the labour of such a study to study alone. 3. Lamprerie's Classical Dictionary will probably answer your purpose. 4. You will find "Green's History of the English People," recently published, an interesting and instructive book.

EMILY C. K. would like to correspond with a young man, tall and handsome; she has dark hair and eyes, and is considered good looking by her friends.

POLLY would like to correspond with a young man who is tall and of a loving disposition; she is of medium height, has light hair and blue eyes and is fond of home.

DARK EYES, twenty, would like to correspond with a tall, fair young man; she is of medium height, loving disposition, fond of home and would make a loving wife.

EMILY, twenty-two, medium height, dark brown hair and eyes, would like to correspond with a young man from twenty-six to thirty, one who would appreciate a loving wife.

FANNY, twenty, short, light brown hair, hazel eyes rather stout, musical, seriously inclined, would like to correspond with a respectable young Churchman, dark, about twenty-five.

M. A. J. wishes to correspond with a young sailor; he must be able to give her a comfortable home; she is nineteen, about 5 ft. 6 in., and thinks she would make a loving wife, she is considered very good looking, has a fair complexion, blue eyes and light brown hair.

FREDA and **WINDFRED** wish to correspond with two gentlemen with a view to matrimony. "Freda" is twenty-one, tall, nice looking and very ladylike. "Windfred" is twenty-three, dark hair, blue eyes, pretty, ladylike and accomplished. Both will have money and make good wives.

VIOLET and **DAISY**, sisters, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen with a view to matrimony. "Violet" is twenty, tall, genteel, dark hair, fair complexion and fond of home. "Daisy" is eighteen, brown hair, dark eyes, fair complexion, very nice looking, and fond of home.

WILD ROSE, a widow with two children, very domesticated and fond of home, would like to correspond with a respectable tradesman about forty; she is thirty-seven and thinks she would make a loving wife, she is of medium height, has dark eyes, dark hair, and is considered good looking.

EVELYN would like to correspond with a young gentleman, about twenty-two to twenty-three; he must be of a dark complexion, medium height and of a loving disposition; a clerk preferred. She is fair, has light brown hair, gray eyes, is of medium height and thinks she will make a loving wife, being well domesticated and very industrious.

WILD ROSE and **BLUE VIOLET**, two friends, wish to correspond with two jolly fellows. "Wild Rose" is seventeen, fair, dark blue eyes, golden hair, musical and fond of home; would prefer a midshipman in the Royal Navy. "Blue Violet" is nineteen, fair, light brown hair, dark blue eyes, domesticated; would prefer a tradesman with a good business.

LILY, an orphan, just nineteen, very pretty, a good figure, golden brown hair and dark hazel eyes, well educated and has been abroad, would like to correspond with a tall, good looking gentleman, one going to settle abroad preferred. He must have a little money and be of good family and not over forty. She has thirteen hundred pounds and will have more, is good tempered, a good housekeeper and a Protestant.

MAUD and **LILIAN**, two friends, wish to correspond with two gentlemen, friends preferred. "Maud" is eighteen, 5 ft. 6 in., very refined, educated and domesticated, has dark brown hair and eyes, is considered handsome, and is very fond of music and dancing. "Lilian" is nearly seventeen, 5 ft. 7 in., has light brown hair and blue eyes, is handsome, very genteel, educated and loving, fond of home, music, singing and dancing. Both gentlemen must be loving, good tempered, handsome, dark, and of good position.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.

FAITHFUL FLO is responded to by "Faithful Joe," thirty-four.

DARK-EYED NELLIE by "O. M.," tall and fair.

W. H. B. by "Mary Lulu," who thinks he is all she requires.

M. B. by "Loving Mary," nineteen, an orphan; would make a loving wife to a loving husband.

C. P. by "C. A. W.," twenty-two, medium height, brown hair and eyes, and of good family.

F. P. by "H. H.," eighteen, tall, dark hair and dark eyes, very amiable, thinks she would make a loving wife.

DARK-EYED POLLY by "J. A. M.," twenty-six, 5 ft. 6 in., a seaman in the Royal Navy, blue eyes, brown hair, and thinks he would suit "Dark-eyed Polly."

LILY by "Algernon," on the wrong side of twenty-five, who ventures to say that he answers to the wishes expressed in Lily's advertisement; he is by no means ugly, is fair and of pleasing address, moves in excellent society, and is a linguist and artist in water colours.

F. G. by "Madge," nineteen, rather stout, domesticated, has dark hair and eyes, and by "A. B.," twenty, medium height, dark hair and eyes, good tempered and loving she has no money, but is very domesticated, a good housekeeper, and thinks she would make a good wife to a kind husband.

CHARLES and **HAPPY WILLIE** by "Ethel" and "Trix," two friends. "Ethel" is nineteen, medium height, very genteel, accomplished and domesticated, has blue eyes, light brown hair, and would like to correspond with "Charles." "Trix" is eighteen, medium height, educated, and a good musician; she wishes to correspond with "Happy Willie."

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